June 8, 1918

5 Cents

Every Week

Is Your Boy There —

Save Food For His sake

THEY are making the supreme sacrifice for the permanence of Democracy. They look to **you, men and women of America,** to help in their valiant battle against a ruthless enemy.

Save Food

The more we in America cut down on **wheat, sugar, meat** and **fats**—the better is our army—and the nearer is peace.

Saving Food

Is Saving Lives.

You Must Help.

The Food Administration tells you how.

A Prudential Policy Is An Ally That Never Breaks Faith

MEMBER OF
UNITED STATES
FOOD
ADMINISTRATION

SIGN THE PLEDGE—
PLACE THIS CARD
IN YOUR WINDOW

The Prudential
Insurance Company of America
Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey
Forrest F. Dryden, President
HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Winning the War a Crumb at a Time

ON the water-front, last week, I watched half a dozen great ships put out to sea, loaded with food for our Allies.

And I thought, as I watched them disappear, of the armies to which that food is going; and then of the little house in our town from which it came.

For those tons of meat and wheat are not the gift of Mr. Hoover to our armies, nor of Congress.

They are the gift of a little white house with green shutters, that stands a few blocks from mine—and of a million houses like it.

A modest little house this one is—the home of a high-school teacher whose income has had no share in the war prosperity, but, on the contrary, has had to cling to the limit to cover the increasing cost of everything.

During the other night at that house, I could not help noticing that the carpets are well worn with the tramping of little feet; and the food that the mother of the house set before us was wholesome but very plain.

"You see, we are doing what we can to win the war," said the little lady. And the oldest boy piped up:

"Every day we try to save enough to feed our French soldier. Dad says every family ought to pick out one soldier in its mind, and try to take care of him."

There is a wise old line that reads: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

To-day millions of American families are casting their bread upon the waters. Gathered, a crumb at a time, from millions of modest tables, it goes in great shiploads across the seas—the sacrifice of simple, obscure Americans for the great common cause.

And they *shall* find it after many days. Bread cast on the waters *does* return. For *every* family that is sharing in that great common sacrifice there *will* be a reward.

It will come, first of all, in the satisfaction of having helped to administer one more defeat to that dreadful enemy of the race—Famine.

More than one good cause has been lost in the world because that great, gaunt enemy aligned itself with the foe of that cause.

There is a satisfaction to you and me—a return for our sacrifice—in the thought that that great energy shall not intervene, in this war, to protect Germany from the punishment she has so well deserved.

And there will be a return to us of another sort. The whole future of our children and of their children is being made safe by the sacrifice of the simple American homes of to-day.

Between England and France and America there can never in the future be anything but the closest friendship.

Thanks to your sacrifice and mine, England and France are eating of our bread: they are guests in our homes. And between those who have broken bread together there is growing a tie that is the power of the peace of the world, and of every household in it.

But, most important of all, those who are sacrificing now to feed the Allies have their reward immediately in the enrichment of their own character.

I pity the people who never learn this great truth—who go through life, not as men and women, but as school-boys being good in hope of external reward, or avoiding evil in fear of punishment.

The growth of a man's soul is his own great reward: its shriveling under selfishness and meanness is its own worst punishment.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it [says Emerson]. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt.

Have you learned from the war this lesson a little bit more fully? Then you are a war profiteer in the finest and truest sense.

Already the bread that your sacrifice is casting on the waters is returning to bless you. And it will continue to return in the satisfaction of helping to win the war; in the guaranty of the future peace of the world, and, most of all, in the permanent expansion of your own best self.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Victor

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To assure Victor quality, always look for the Victor trademark "His Master's Voice." It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

By these men we shall conquer!

The world must be made safe for democracy. Here are the men who will make it so.

The moral and spiritual forces that will carry us on to victory no man can measure. The books you send, the letters you write, the music the men have to enjoy—do not for one moment underestimate the weight they will throw into the final balance of success.

The pictures shown here are typical of the spirit of Uncle Sam. He has a song in his heart, a tune on his Yankee lips, and an iron resolve deep in his liberty-loving soul.

This company is proud that its products are a mighty Armament of Hope, cheering and strengthening the spirit of our fighting men.

In camp and trench, on transport and battleship, in hospital, church and cantonment, in the welfare houses of the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Y. M. H. A. the Victrola is the unflagging, and often the *only*, source of music and entertainment. It is so portable that it can be taken anywhere and *unaided* it gives forth the music and laughter of the world's greatest artists. The Victrola is teaching wireless and French to our Army and Navy. Victrolas and Victor Records are day and night advancing the cause of freedom on the battlefields of the entire world.

Every Victrola in the service of Uncle Sam is a source of actual war strength. Every Victor Record at the front is a winged messenger of victory, doing its humble, but by no means unimportant bit to vanquish the powers of darkness and make the world safe for democracy.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

115th Regiment Infantry at Philadelphia en route to Camp Hancock, Georgia.

Italian troops enjoy a Victrola concert on the snow-clad Alps.

U. S. Jackies, U. S. S. "Delaware," entertaining themselves with the Victrola.

British Tank officers of the "Iron Cavalry" and their Victrola somewhere in France.

Listening to the Victrola at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

A merry hour at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, New York.

The Victrola enlisted in the War for Democracy

THE WILL OF FRANCE

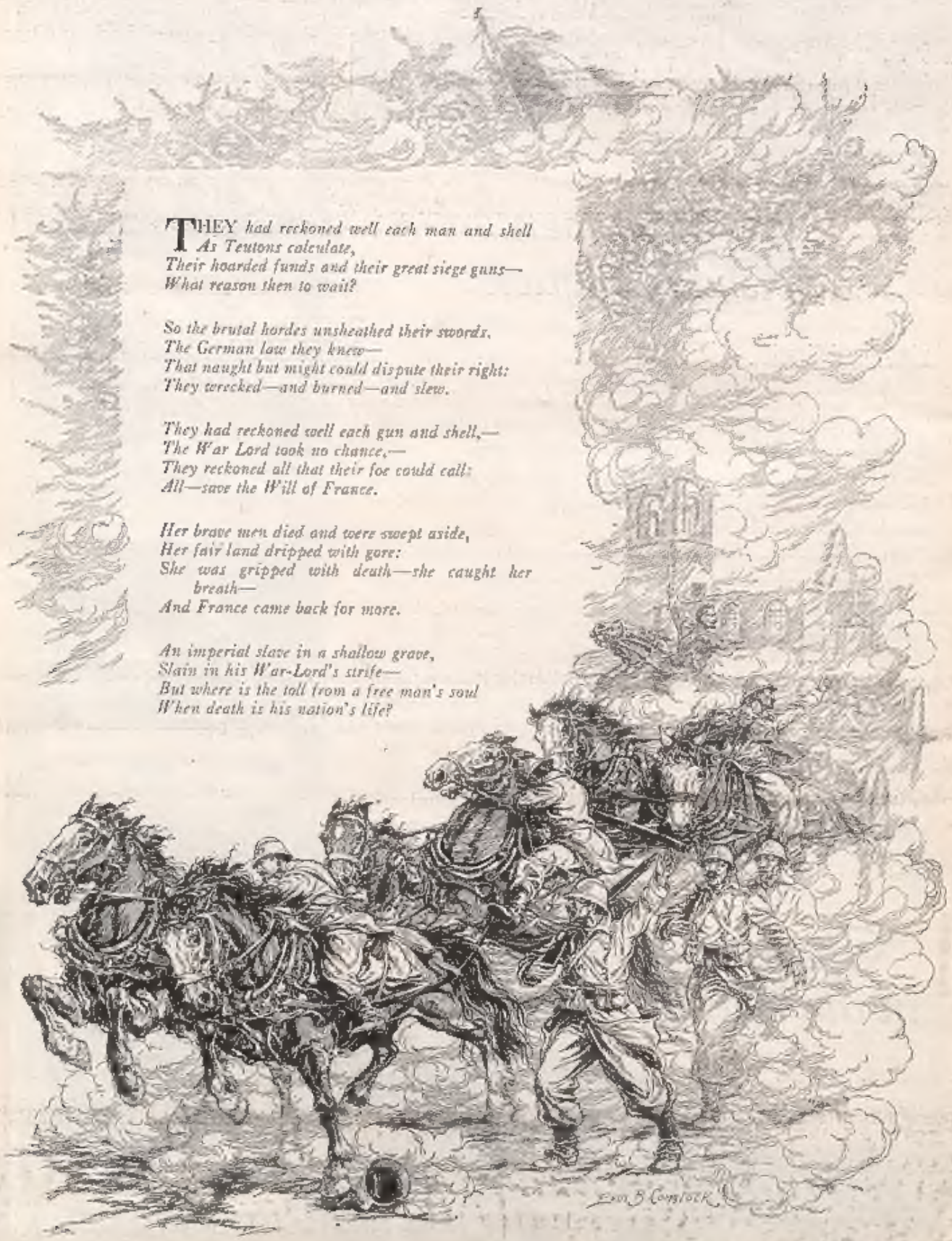
Poem and decoration by ENOS B. COMSTOCK

THEY had reckoned well each man and shell
As Teutons calculate,
Their hoarded funds and their great siege guns—
What reason then to wait?

So the brutal hordes unsheathed their swords,
The German law they knew—
That naught but might could dispute their right:
They wrecked—and burned—and slew.

They had reckoned well each gun and shell,—
The War Lord took no chance,—
They reckoned all that their foe could call:
All—save the Will of France.

Her brave men died and were swept aside,
Her fair land dripped with gore:
She was gripped with death—she caught her breath—
And France came back for more.

An imperial slave in a shallow grave,
Slain in his War-Lord's strife—
But where is the toll from a free man's soul
When death is his nation's life?

Vol. 6, No. 23
June 8, 1918

EVERY WEEK

"Every word counts"

$1.00 per Year
5 Cents a Copy

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Company, at Springfield, Ohio. Entered at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as Second Class Matter.

WHY I NEVER MARRIED

By THE READERS OF EVERY WEEK

Illustrations by J. C. Coll

AWHILE ago we had some letters on "My Marriage"; and among them came one from a woman who asked: "Why are all these contests for the married? Doesn't it occur to you that there are thousands of us who have never married, and who could tell a very interesting story if you gave us the chance?"

So we gave her—and the others—a chance. And here are a few of the more than a thousand letters that came in. THE EDITOR.

The Prize Letter

UPON due reflection I believe it was all because one Lydia Fain, some eighty years ago, chose for her life partner a certain John Wright. Now John Wright became my grandfather, and I remember him as a tall, large-framed man, with red hair, keen blue eyes, and a ready smile. Men called him handsome; therefore I was somewhat puzzled when, in my pinafore days, I would overhear friends and relatives remark: "Isn't that child the image of her grandpa Wright! Pity she isn't a boy; freckles and red hair wouldn't matter so much then."

I was to learn, later on, that handsome men and homely women are often cast in the same mold.

Still, life flowed on pleasantly enough until I reached the fan and slipper age, and longed for the frilly, dainty things that girls adore, and to take part in the mistletoe and valentine affairs of the young people. But then I discovered that to red hair and freckles I had added gawkiness, together with clumsy hands and feet.

Now, romance has been known to survive red hair and freckles; but big hands and big feet! Never! I was often hurt and sometimes amused at the sudden escapes the boys would manage when they found themselves placed in my company. Yet, when I compared the dainty loveliness of so many girls with my own homeliness, I could not blame them.

Gradually I drifted into the company of older people, where I found a hearty welcome, and soon heard myself called good, sensible, and industrious. But this is not all-satisfying to a girl of twenty-one.

In my younger days there were, so far as I can recall, only two "near chances" for me at matrimony. The first was Seth R——, a farmer possessed of broad acres, cross-eyes, and a mean disposition. He was known always to get the best of a bargain, by fair means or foul. Now, Seth had commented to neighbors upon my industrious habits, and had singled me out for various little attentions. So one Sunday morning, as we were coming home from church, he began to hint that he was tired of single blessedness. I hastened to inform Seth that I too was lonesome, and was willing to marry a rich man, so that I could revel in candy, novels, fine raiment, and much leisure. (Exit Seth!)

Later there came to our town the Rev. James L——, bringing with him five motherless little children. The Rev. James was quite a ladies' pet, sleek, conceited, and sanctimonious. He began to manifest quite an interest in me, and to talk long and eloquently about woman's sphere, self-sacrifice, and consecration. He was convinced that I had a mission now. I felt sorry for those little children, but concluded to tell him the same tale I had told Seth; and he also came no more.

As time went on, and I watched the matrimonial ventures and adventures of my friends and relatives, I began to appreciate the law of compensation, and to count myself a fortunate person. Growing fine chickens, prize chrysanthemums, and choice roses has kept me busy and happy for many years. I am never lonely, for my brothers and sisters have provided me with a goodly crop of nieces and nephews, and these young people are always willing to bear me company whenever I want them, and sometimes when I don't.

I am a genuine old maid. The term bachelor girl would never have been suitable for me. I am fifty-five. Time has mellowed my ugliness until to-day I compare very favorably with other women of my age. I have a comfortable income, a pretty home wherein I am both master and mistress, splendid health—in short, I believe I am the luckiest, happiest woman I know.

K. K.

Her Life Went by in Dreams

I AM willing to tell my story because I think my case is not an unusual one, but a tragedy that many women in rural districts have found to be theirs.

I am thirty-five years old, have been considered rather good-looking, well accomplished in home-keeping arts, with a modest talent for music.

I was born and raised in a small town, and am the youngest of my parents' three daughters. I graduated from high school at seventeen, then I took two terms at State Normal to prepare me for teaching. I made my teachers' license, but did not get to use it, for shortly before this my two sisters were married on the same day to two young farmers near our home, and they had only been married about a month when my mother, as a result of an accident, became an invalid for life.

Of course I decided immediately that my duty was with my parents; so I gave up my ambitions and came home.

Now, it happens that, although our town had several nice girls near my age of refinement and fair education, there were no unmarried men that could possibly appeal to a girl of discriminating taste. What few young men there had been who possessed ambition had left the town and established themselves elsewhere.

Then, one by one, the girls went away on one pursuit or another, eventually marrying and settling away from home, until only myself and two other girls, who were bound home as I was, remained of our old crowd.

At first the years flew by without notice on my part; but always in my heart I was unconsciously expecting that some day my Prince Charming would appear. Then, one day, overhearing a reference to myself as the "old maid," I suddenly woke up to the realization of how the years were flying and my charms were lessening and no signs of any prince on my horizon.

I had been lovingly and cheerfully caring for my parents; and, since my social life was very limited, each day passing in a humdrum, uneventful way, my chief happiness grew out of my dreams of a future love and home of my own. I was a healthy, normal woman, well fitted for wifehood and motherhood, and I knew if I married that some satisfactory provision for the care of my parents could be made with my sisters living so near; so I drifted serenely along, always with that undercurrent of romantic expectancy that made my life contented, until the knock came that made me realize that every passing day made my beautiful dreams become more improbable of fulfilment.

Each day my parents become more dependent on my care, and they will not hear of me leaving them except by marriage. So I am doomed to stay where there is hardly a chance in a thousand of ever meeting a man I could love. And I'm fading more each day—and oh, I want to live, I want to marry, I want to have children and a home of my own. I want my beautiful dreams to come true!

W. R.

Afraid

HERE is my line-up—an unmarried man, aged thirty-eight; salary one hundred and fifty dollars a month; sober, home-loving, industrious, well mannered, fairly well educated, and ordinarily good-looking, with a small bank account.

Why have I not married? There is the rub. I have been afraid to ask any woman to be my wife. Why? you ask. Because I am a business man; my associates and friends are business men. My women friends are mostly office women.

I like these women—like their independence, like their ability, like their initiative in business affairs; but I'm afraid to love any of them. They are so well poised, so independent, so far-seeing, and so commercial that the hundred and fifty that I could offer them a half share in looks like a joke. Why, they earn more than half of that now and have no "strings" tied to it.

They wear such good-looking clothes; they take such splendid vacations; they have so many extras; and they delight in such luxurious surroundings. Some way, I can't visualize them in a clinging house-gown or with a child's chubby hand held tightly in theirs. I can't picture delight in their eyes when cooking a steak for two, or when tidying up a tiny cottage. Children and housework and family mending seem miles removed from them; and, while I hope I would prove no woman-driver, yet I fear I should like many housewifely duties to be performed by my wife, and to witness her joy in home service.

Perhaps, back of these serene, immobile faces, there lurk different feelings. Perhaps they are repressing the same un-

stilled longings that are in my own heart. Perhaps they would gladly and joyously lay down their jobs and take up the one of wife. But how am I to know?

Their aloofness freezes me; their mild contempt for some who have married amazes me; their self-satisfaction awes me; all tend to confuse and bewilder me; and I go on and on without the things I crave most in life—a wife, a home, and little children. C. A. R.

No Man Ever Asked Her

NEXT year I shall be forty. I am not fat, neither am I fair, but extremely dark and plain, almost homely.

I can cook a good meal and still enjoy a hearty laugh, but I have no one to cook for who cares whether I laugh or cry.

I have never married because no man ever asked me; more than that, no man ever asked me to go to church, to a party, or for a walk—and next year I shall be forty.

No boxes of roses or bunbons ever found their way to my door; no school-boy ever borrowed my ring or wrote me notes; few glances and no smiles were directed toward me.

Now, there must be some reason for this, you say; surely no nice girl ever was so neglected.

There is a reason; it is simply this: Men see only girls who are in the limelight.

They see the girl who leads at school or at church—the singer, the beauty, and the rich girl; but men are blind when it comes to seeing any one who fails to advertise or force herself upon his attention.

There is nothing wrong with the girls, except the fact that they have had so much admiration before marriage it's more difficult to keep them satisfied.

When I was thirteen I came to the city, the home of opportunities. I attended school and took care of Mrs. Grey's children for a home.

Mr. Grey was kind; but when I finished grade school nothing was said of high school, so I stayed at home and became a fixture.

At church I was known as the little girl who lived at Mrs. Grey's; but that fact was insufficient to arouse either interest or kindness.

One day, while helping Mrs. Grey with a dress, I decided I could make dresses for other people, so a small room was given over for my use, and for fifteen years I made other girls more attractive than I had ever been able to make myself.

Many a wedding dress I fitted with a hateful, envious feeling; but what use had I for a wedding gown, when no man had ever desired my company to attend even a circus performance?

Mrs. Grey and the children are dead and gone. They loved me in a selfish sort of way, because I was always there to listen to their troubles.

I keep the home fires burning for Mr. Grey, who regards me as a piece of furniture.

Next year I shall be forty—and should any man ask me to marry him I don't know whether I should laugh or cry.

C.

A Mother and Daughter

I AM a spinster, living in a small New England town. My father died when I was fifteen, leaving me, the only child, to take care of my mother, who is—I can not say a hypochondriac—who has been in delicate health for the last sixteen years; nevertheless, she is now fifty-eight, and looks so strong and well that I, although only thirty-three, appear fragile and quite faded beside her.

My first love affair came to me when I was twenty-three. The man was about thirty, and came out of the West to manage the shoe factory in our town. I suppose it was a love affair. He came to see me frequently, bringing candy and books, and even taking me to the theater occasionally, if mother were not too ill and would let some one else stay with her.

I found him fascinating. He had worked his way up, and was filled with a quiet pride and a vague longing for the finer things of art and music he had missed, that seemed curious under his matter-of-fact exterior. When we were alone we talked about such things together, impersonal and enthusiastic, our mutual ignorance only increasing our interest in each other's views. But when he called at our house, and mother stayed with us, telling him about her illness and her utter dependence on me, through the long hours while he waited for a word with me alone, I, sitting quiet in the shadow, could see the misery and pity in his eyes. Then sometimes my cousins would come with their families, and regard him with questioning stares, or talk to him in a way suspicious and embarrassed that must have been intolerable.

Yet he came more and more frequently, until my mother became alarmed and sick, and had to go to bed with a violent attack of heart trouble that held my entire attention for five weeks.

My cousins came to see her every day, gazing at me reproachfully, and sympathizing with her softly and condolingly until I felt I must scream.

I did not see him throughout this period, but I had a letter from him. But my mother was so flushed and ill that it seemed to me somehow wrong, and I burned it unread. It was easier that way. He called once, too, but I could not see him, and he never came again. He always bowed pleasantly to me when we met on the street, but soon left the town.

My other love affair happened only two years ago, when I was thirty-one. He also was a business man of the successful type, intense, nervous, aggressive. Indeed, I think it was my uncertainty and helplessness that attracted him, giving him a kind of pleasant irritation. He called upon me only once, and then did not stay long. Our placid atmosphere seemed hard for him to breathe; he fidgeted about a good deal, and soon left abruptly.

Thereafter he came in his motor, saying the air was good for me, and snatching me away for a ride before either I or my mother knew quite what was happening.

I liked the rushes through the cool, dark night, with him sitting quiet and bulky by my side. They were an exhilaration; they made life seem clear and purposeful and real again.

One night he stopped in the dark shadows and proposed to me.

I don't know now whether I loved him or not, but I wanted to say yes. I wanted him to take me away and make me live—live strongly and fiercely for a while. In that moment I was saying yes, and about me all the night was alive and singing. But I didn't—I couldn't. I thought of my mother, growing daily more querulous and exacting, and needing me all the time. I thought of the one night he had called—his irritableness in our atmosphere. I thought of how miserable we should all become.

And, more, I was afraid. I was afraid of myself, I was afraid of him; but most of all I was afraid of life.

I do not think I was born an old maid. Innately, I think I have had as much power of life and love as any other woman.

Yet I do not see where I could act differently if I should have life to live over again. H. A.

"Men see only the girl who is in the limelight—the singer, the beauty, the rich girl."

"My mother grew daily more querulous and exacting."

The Philosophy of a Business Woman

THERE are a good many reasons why I am not married, but the most important one is because I have not met the right man. And I believe that is because of our social life, or lack of it. There is no opportunity to meet men socially here in a little village of less than five hundred inhabitants; as a matter of fact there are very few men to meet, and only one little church to meet them in, and they don't go to church.

I have spent the last ten years working in the city near by, and have observed that men do not marry the women that they work with—not altogether because the women are not lovable, but because they have to keep the finer and more feminine part in their nature under cover.

In business a business woman thinks only of her work, and of the men around her as a part of the business, the same as she does of herself.

Also I have noticed that the same girls, when they are out at some social gathering, do not make friends among the men as quickly as other girls, because of their practised reserve; and when they marry, if at all, it is some one they have met socially, not in business.

Girls do occasionally marry men that they work with, but they are usually the girls just beginning their business career—girls who don't follow the rules of business and attend strictly to business in working hours; so of course they are really not business women at all, because they never work for any length of time before they marry.

Being a woman of business and of very few pleasures has prevented me from getting married.

Men still like the women that cling, and business women don't cling. How can they, when they have to be independent in their work and keep their work on a par with that of men in order to succeed? So of course they soon get to treat men as men treat each other.

Men don't love business women, because they think that they are too much like themselves, and I don't blame them. When they go home at night they want a rest, not some one to help them in their work. Certainly not. They want either of two things: some one to amuse them, or some one to bring the beauty and religious side of life closer to them and make them forget business.

My heart cries out for love, but I am afraid to risk marrying any one I know, and the older I get the more afraid I am.

When we are young we are not afraid of anything; that is why so many more marry while they are young. When we are older, we are more cautious; and the more we learn the less likely we are to get married.

The reason I did not marry when I was young was because I was taught from childhood to believe that marriage was a failure, and there was plenty of evidence around me to prove that it was. After I came to the conclusion that marriage was not a failure it was too late. R. K.

Continued on page 22

"SOME GAME GUY"

By WILBUR HALL

Illustrations by Robert McCoig

THE first report, telephoned from the far side of the course to the judges' stand, was shouted down to Tenny's pit. Johnny Roth, chief pitman, slumped behind the barrier on a pile of tires and sobbed aloud; and, in that telegraphy which carries bad news at an automobile race, the word spread through the packed grand-stands. Before the referee could gain definite confirmation from that distant emergency post, the farthest spectator had heard that Number 19 had gone over the embankment at Hairpin Curve, and that both Wild Bill Tenny and his French mechanician had been killed.

Laflin, the A. P. man, had but three minutes before his eastern day wire closed. He jogged the referee's arm.

"Can't you hustle them?" he snapped. "All I need is a flash. Ask 'em if it's Nineteen!"

"That's what I'm doing, Laflin!" The official's voice broke. "Hello, flagman! Hello! Hello! Did you say *Nineteen*?"

Two entries flashed by, their roaring motors drowning the feeble voice in the emergency telephone. One of the cars was Drexel's Number 3, that had been fighting Tenny for first place though all the last fifty laps; but no one noticed him. All eyes were on the bulletin board, toward which a white-sweatered boy was climbing, chalk in hand. A mechanic in the pits below screamed impatiently:

"Is that right, kid? Is it Tenny?"

"Aw, how do I know?" the boy returned. "Think I'm a mind-reader?"

Laflin, unable to get confirmation, leaped across to the shoulder of his telegraph operator.

"You've got to hold that Chicago wire open till I find out. Here, shoot this while we're waiting:

"'Wild Bill Tenny, reported killed at Hairpin Curve, is the driver who has prophesied sudden death for himself for years. Auto race fans will remember that he says— (No, tell San Francisco to lay off. I'll be clear in a shake. Now, go on.) Tenny always said: 'When I get mine, I want it to be quick, with fifty thousand people watching, the bands playing, and with my entry in the lead; and when they go out the gate I want them all saying, "Well, it's too bad—but he was sure one game guy!"'"

Laflin looked up from his dictation as three cars, all tail-enders, pounded by. Then suddenly the stands at the far north end began cheering. The cheers swept along just ahead of the two cars that hurtled out of the dust of the last turn and came flying down the straightaway, hub to hub. Laflin jerked up his binoculars, but he scarcely needed to see. The applause of the crowds proclaimed the news. The press man dropped his hand to the operator's table.

"Flash, quick, H. O.! 'Kill all reference to Tenny accident. Number Nineteen just passed stands in second place and going strong!'"

The referee, who had been momentarily forgotten, hung up the telephone and wiped his forehead nervously.

"Hey, you newspaper guys!" he shouted. "It's Nine that turned turtle on the Hairpin. Nobody hurt!"

More suddenly than it had come, the tension in all the stands relaxed. Little Johnny Roth, in Tenny's pit, was threatening to fight if anybody said he had "bawled." "Piece o' track grit in me eye!" he reiterated again and again. But the others were not listening. Four more laps, and some one would flash across the wire winner of the greatest motor classic of the year.

The score-board indicated that Drexel, in his little red Number 3, was leading Tenny by half a lap. But, as a matter of fact, Drexel's advantage in time was less than forty seconds, since he had started the race in the first rank of cars, whereas Tenny in Number 19 had gone away with the eighth rank. Laflin and his fellows, their immediate rush passed, sat back, exchanging winged comments.

"Ten dollars to five that Tenny wins, Muse!" Laflin called to a neighbor.

"Why should I make you a present of five bucks? Don't you suppose I know Wild Bill as well as you do?"

A bystander interrupted: "I'll take fifty of that kind of money, Mr. Laflin."

"I'm a reporter, not a millionaire!" the A. P. man snapped back. "If you want to bet me ten against twenty, you're on."

"Any part of a thousand, my son," the outsider said, and dropped a ten-dollar bill to the press table.

"You'll lose your money, Rheinhardt," Muse Wald grunted. "Give Wild Bill Tenny a driving finish and an eight-mile course, and he'll make ten laps to Drexel's nine any old time."

"Yah!" the bettor sneered—"in a good car!"

"In a wash-tub mounted on car-wheels!" Wald retorted. "Wait, here comes Drexel—and there's that poor old Goose Step special—and Tenny! Good Lord! Look at his right rear—you can see it from here. Ouch! There, he's twisted her nose. Come on, boy! Atta boy! Listen to 'em yell, Tenny—they're pulling for you! Now hold your breath—he's going into that seventy-degree curve below the bridge wide open! *Wide open!* Did you see that?"

Tenny had gained a hundred yards on Drexel, his rival, on the straightaway, and had torn into the dangerous curve below the stands at a pace that caused the most hardened veteran among his watchers to shiver. Swinging wide on his approach, his right-hand hub-caps had scarred the cement curb on the outside of the course; cutting in, the left-hand caps had shrieked along the inner curb. Number 19 skidded, bounded, skidded again—and made it! And, three laps thereafter, won the race, while the grand-stands rocked and the roars of the thousands drowned the thunderous music of the straining speed engines below.

LAFLIN, hastily dictating his flash on the winners, and pocketing his bet with an unanswered hail to the loser, dropped to the ground and hurried over to Number 19's pit, reaching it in time to see the hysterical pitmen leap the barrier, fall on Wild Bill Tenny, and fairly drag him from his seat. Laflin pushed through and caught the driver's grimy hand.

"Well, fool, the old man with the scythe was on your trail to-day!" he cried.

The pilot slipped his goggles to his cap visor and grinned with embarrassment.

"Oh, I guess not," he answered. "The bands didn't play my music. Cut out the kidding, Laf—go over and let Limpy tell you the news."

Laflin let them sweep Tenny on, and himself confronted the mechanician, stretching his cramped arms beside the battered, dusty car, and stamping his good leg to warm it. Laflin clumped him on the back and held out the bill he had won.

"Get that changed into five-franc notes and send it to that so brave brother in the Ninth Corps!" he said. "It's coming to you!"

The little Frenchman showed all his teeth in a triumphant smile. "But no, Monsieur Laf, I will not send it. I will take it."

"Take it?"

"Yes. You do not comprehend the reason? But I will tell you. Wil' Bill make me win by this race one thousan' dollar. For that we have found the doctor who can straighten my leg. In two months I go to France and enter myself in the war."

Laflin stared. "Do you mean that?"

"Without doubt. Six times I have tried to enlist. They look at my leg; they shake their heads—they smile. The seventh time they look at my leg. I smile. They say, yes. My leg is made straight. Oh, la, la, la, la! You shall see!"

"But what," Laflin objected, "will Wild Bill Tenny do without you?"

The Frenchman shrugged.

"Oh, that is a little secret which I will tell you. But you must not print him in your newspaper, Billy goes also with me."

"You just think he will!"

"No, he will go. It is all arranged."

Laflin led the mechanician off the track and got the story. But not one word of it must go on to the wire, Jouven said. Later, perhaps. What had got into Tenny?—the idol of the circuit, a big money-maker. Jouven stared at Laflin as if from some great height.

"Tenny has the great heart," the mechanician interrupted. "What is money now? It is the heart—"

The last cars had been flagged down, and the newspaperman ran to send his final bulletin. It was three months before he saw Wild Bill Tenny and Jouven again.

IT was on the pier of an Atlantic port where Laflin, himself waiting rather impatiently for the final word of authority that would send him eastward as a full-fledged war correspondent, stood to observe the embarkment of a regiment from the Middle West. The pier was swarming with men in khaki, and the great nets, swinging from booms above, shuttled back and forth in frantic haste to get dunnage bags and impedimenta aboard the squat transport. Across the street, at the shore end, stood watching thousands, almost silent, but showing none of that listlessness and the slack limbs of the usual idle crowd.

At the gate of the pier a smart young lieutenant, a weather-beaten sergeant, and a dozen privates carefully scrutinized the papers of every one who passed.

Laflin thought of a surgery in which, years before, he had watched while the victims of a calamitous train wreck were given the attention of a dozen white-gowned surgeons. The picture had never left his mind—the spotless room slowly ensanguined until it was a shambles; from without, the muffled, hard-held sobs and the tense questions of anxious friends; within, the quick surgeons and alert nurses battling with death. The correspondent felt now, on this sun-lit pier, something of the tenseness of that bloody room. But through those three nightmare hours the surgeons had spoken quietly together, exchanging occasional banter and laughter. So here these youths, confronting a mission of life and death,—standing on the very border and edge of crimson fields,—jested and laughed with steady voices.

At his elbow, abruptly: "Monsieur Laf', you see that what I have told you comes true!"

He wheeled, facing Louis Jouven and—surprisingly tall in his tight-fitting uniform—Wild Bill Tenny, the race pilot.

Tenny grinned with that characteristic embarrassment of his. Laflin grabbed their hands.

"Well, Louis, I *did* think you were kidding yourself. How's the little leg?"

The mechanician laughed and turned on his heel, strutted a few steps away, flashed about, and came to attention. His old limp was gone, and Laflin saw that the maimed leg—memento of a dreadful moment on a Tacoma course—was whole again.

Tenny chuckled. "What do you mean 'Limpy'? Ever see straighter pins than those?"

"They're straighter than yours, Bill."

"Oh, mine! I've been kicking a speed throttle too long to have good knees!"

The Frenchman came back to them proudly—proud of his uniform, prouder of that worn by his old driver. Laflin spoke to them seriously, admiringly. Wild Bill Tenny shrugged. It was better than the old game, at any rate.

"But you're out of your element, man," Laflin remonstrated. "You'll be homesick in a week for the pop of Nineteen's engine and the cheers of the stands in the straightaway!"

"I guess I can pull through," Tenny countered. "And if I'm lucky I may draw some battered old tub over there and have a chance to burn up the French roads. From what I've heard, a driver would get a good imitation of the Vanderbilt if he was trying to nose out a few thousand Krupp shells in a hot finish."

"That's probably true, Tenny. But suppose you'd go out? You're the little maniac who wanted a big crowd on hand, a quick curtain, a band playing, and the fans saying: 'Well, poor old Bill's through—but he sure was one game guy!'"

The famous pilot colored.

"Why not? And maybe I'll get all that, too. They tell me there's some class to the regimental bands—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" Louis Jouven broke in indignantly. "What would you? Do you suppose we go for the parade? La, la, la—you will see!"

And so Laflin lost them again—lost them at sharp words of command, in those still ranks of khaki.

LAFLIN'S sailing orders were delayed, but the late fall found him at last in London. He did daily letters from there for a time, contrived to get an amazing interview from a close-mouthed English official which made the name of Laflin almost as well known among American newspaper readers as was the name of the sphinx he quoted; was entrusted with a delicate mission to Petrograd; and, just be-

fore Christmas, got his first sight of the trenches in Flanders. Laflin left pretty writing to others; but he had a way of putting on to paper the bigness of little things, the homely tragedies, the dramatic pictures in unimportant lives, all tinged with the red hues of war. His search for the intimate and personal led him to out-of-the-way places—it was in a half-demolished peasant hut that he first got word of Wild Bill Tenny.

A FRENCH boy, one arm gone at the shoulder and his face and chest twisted and scarred by the breath of liquid fire, burst into voluble eulogy on learning that Laflin was an American. The correspondent, with some difficulty, caught the thread of the tale.

Even the dauntless *poilus*, the boy said, were amazed at the reckless courage of this mad American. Tenny-Sans-Peur, they called him—Tenny-Without-Fear. It seemed that Tenny had been given the pilotage of the car of a French general, and then had drawn courier duty in the very heart of that sodden and storm-swept hell that was the front. The boy had with his own eyes seen him twice—once leaping a ditch with his car, once flying along a dark road, guessing at his way, avoiding obstacles by instinct, laughing at fire, and performing prodigious feats of repair, part of the time under the glare of search-lights that made him the target of a dozen rifles less than half a mile distant. Details were lacking. But Laflin felt the man Tenny moving through the hyperbole of the little *poilu*.

"How does it happen that Tenny is connected with the French army?" Laflin asked.

The boy did not know. "So they call him Tenny-Sans-Peur!" he repeated again and again. That much he did know.

Thereafter Laflin had Wild Bill Tenny at the back of his head, and finally he heard the story. A Johns Hopkins man, begging for such tobacco and wheat-straw papers as he had not had for fourteen months, had driven with Tenny throughout the summer.

"The sporting editors used to call him Wild Bill, you remember," Moran said. "I wish they could see him now. Wild? The French have nicknamed him—"

"Tenny-Sans-Peur," Laflin interrupted. "Yes, I've heard that much."

"Well, they don't exaggerate. If you didn't know him you'd say that the man was a maniac—that a padded cell would be the safest place for him. He takes every chance. I think he would have been given the Croix de Guerre long ago if it had not been for the fact that he is constantly on the carpet for jeopardizing the precious lives of generals and surgeon-majors, and the safe delivery of absolutely vital despatches. His officers have threatened several times to send him back to the trenches for foolhardiness."

"Of course they won't!" Laflin interjected.

"Of course not. They tear their hair and rave, but they wouldn't swap Tenny for a field marshal. He came over with a Kansas regiment, but was detached for special service as driver, and along about June was loaned to a French general. The old gentleman doesn't know himself what fear is—but he rode with Tenny just once. They say that when he crawled out of that wild man's car he was shaking like a leaf, and that the pop of a back-firing motor will make him jump twenty feet to this day. Probably libelous—but after that it was courier work and special missions for Wild Bill. When I left the sector five weeks ago, Tenny was driving a twenty-eight-mile run every day that would make the Grand Prix on the Long Island course at its worst look safer than sitting in an arm-chair in the parlor of an old ladies' home. You've seen the finish of big auto races, of course, Mr. Laflin?"

The newspaperman nodded. "Several," he said modestly.

"I wish I could give you an idea of the finish Tenny made, one day, in this race I am speaking of. And you may believe me that it's a race! I had carefully bogged my lorrie in four feet of that Flanders mud, on a little rise, and was waiting for a tow, when an English lieutenant with binoculars called to me from an observation post. When I crawled up beside him, he handed me his glasses and asked if I wanted to see the American daredevil about whom everybody was talking.

"Below us, on a flat plain, they were digging a new line of trenches; and from that line, like the stem of the letter T, there ran a sunken gully that had once been a road straight across to some advanced post on the very edge of things. You've seen that territory: from a little distance the shell craters pockmark it so that it looks like the half of a great Swiss cheese—and all littered with such trifling débris as tree-stumps and fallen trunks, wreckage of guns and machines, and death-traps of tangled barbed wire."

"AND that was Tenny's race-course?" Laflin asked.

"That was Tenny's straightaway!" Moran grunted. "Through the glasses I could see his car pretty plainly half way of the road. It's a famous French driver's machine with power to burn, as you may have heard."

"I think I know the car. It's probably Le Blanc's hundred and twenty Dumond."

"That's the one. Well, here came Tenny in that gray torpedo, merrily doing forty an hour, hitting only the high places like a stone skipped on water, dodging obstacles by inches, shaving corners of wrecks, scotching over crevasses and craters, and trusting springs and torsion rods to fate. Some one had carelessly dropped a new shell crater in his path—from where I stood it looked as if he wasn't going to see it in time. I grunted—squealed, probably—and my English lieutenant laughed. 'Wait until he does, though!' he said—or words to that effect. And, sure enough, Tenny saw that trap. It was nip-and-tuck to turn the car's nose in time, but he jerked her out of her course and went into the edge of that crater sidewise. I thought he must go over—but he didn't. He kicked his throttle, caught the left-hand wheels on the rim of the hole, and went around it as if he were driving in a bowl. And out of it, too—though how he made it I can't even guess. Into it and out again, traveling on two wheels and at forty miles an hour and up! Golly!"

Laflin laughed, with a jerk in his voice. "Some driver, Tenny!"

"And don't forget that Old Fritz wasn't sleeping on the job any of this time, either. He had Tenny's number every foot of the way; but he couldn't seem to out-guess the driver. You must imagine the whole run punctuated with clouds of smoke and dust from bursting shells—which, of course, doesn't take into account mere snipers' bullets and the deadly efforts of sharp-shooters nicking up their sights. No gambler would have given Wild Bill one chance in a thousand to get through. And, mind you, this isn't any special party I'm talking about—Tenny did it for weeks. I met him shortly after that first night I had of him,—neatest guy, too,—and was there the day he drove in with one hand, cursing Old Fritz because he had finally gotten the range and broken Tenny's speedometer for him. We sympathized with him for that speedometer, and didn't find out until a day or so later that the same bullet had got two of the man's best fingers. Nerve? Well, rather!"

Laflin was staring abstractedly out of the hospital window. Green was bursting on the trees and the twitter of young birds came in to them.

"It's a queer thing—this war business," he said slowly. "I knew Tenny as the greatest race pilot of his day. He always used to say that when his time came he wanted to go out with a crowd watching and the bands playing. And all he asked for an epitaph was to have people say: 'Poor old Tenny. He sure was one game guy!'"

Moran grunted. "There won't be any crowds watching when he gets the inevitable," he said. "And the bands will be miles away. But we'll all admit he's one game guy!"

"It's more than gameness," Laflin concluded. "It's something big inside. I hope he gets through, God knows, but if he doesn't—"

"Jouven uttered a sharp cry: 'Bon Dieu! Do you see that rear-end housing? And the torpedo-shaped body—and that radiator?'"

SHORTLY Laflin went to London. He was gone two months, and the day he returned to Paris he met Louis Jouven, Wild Bill Tenny's former mechanician, capped, gloved, and goggled, embracing the steering post of a heavy lorrie and cursing a blockade ahead of him in unmentionable French.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Laf'," the little driver cried. "If you have the proper credentials, come with me on the Verdun road. I will be back in Paris to-morrow morning."

Laflin hesitated only a moment, then jumped up. Between indignant squeals at the pig-headed dogs of drivers who delayed him, Jouven recited his own Iliad briefly. He had been in the hospital for a month, and they—the mercenary and ignorant bunglers of surgeons—had refused to permit him to go back to his old regiment. He had spent a fortnight wearing the paths of the authorities with his tears and driving subordinate officials half mad with his importunities; then he had been shunted off on the American Field Service, and now he was piloting hospital supplies from base to field.

"*Je m'en fiche!* It is better than nothing!" he concluded philosophically.

"How about Tenny-Sans-Peur?" Laflin asked. "I've been away and have lost track of him."

For some moments the Frenchman did not reply. Then he said, very quietly:

"I have not been away—but I, too, have lost track of him."

Laflin turned on him. "What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"How can I tell, m'sieur? Do I know everything, like the good God?"

He would say no more. They reached their destination, unloaded the truck, and turned their faces once again toward Paris.

A light rain had started falling late in the afternoon; now it developed into a steady downpour. The Frenchman, voluble enough in indignation over little things, became quiet, watchful, uncomplaining, when real difficulties beset him.

Concluded on page 15

WHO HAS KILLED THE MOST SOLDIERS?

In spite of the power and precision of modern implements of warfare, the proportion of men killed is insignificant compared with the old wars.

THE Kaiser will undoubtedly go to his grave responsible for the death of more men than any other man who ever lived. Before him, the record was probably held by Cæsar, who, according to Charles Lowe in the *Illustrated London News*, was the means of sending to their last account some two millions of his fellow men:

"In his battle alone with the Nervii, near Namur, he slew over 60,000, and the Roman casualty lists never included any 'wounded'—the short sword, most deadly of all 'weapons of precision,' taking care of that. Previously at Cannæ, as Livy tells us, the Carthaginians of Hannibal stretched dead upon the plain from 40,000 to 50,000 Romans. The victor sent three bushels of gold rings as a present to the Carthaginian ladies which he had stripped from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in this fearful battle.

"The figures as to ancient and mediæval battles are not always to be trusted, but there can be no doubt that those battles were far bloodier than modern ones, dating, say, from the days of Marlborough, when war statistics became fairly reliable. Slaughter lists, in fact, began to grow shorter with the lengthening of the range of fire, a proof that cold steel at close quarters, or even a flintlock at any range under 100 yards, was a far more terrible arm of precision than a repeating rifle at 1000 yards, where it proverbially costs a marksman his own weight in lead to kill an enemy. At Blenheim the total force engaged amounted to 108,000, of whom 52,000, or nearly a half, were put out of action."

Fear

THE war has proved that nearly every man is brave; most brave men, however, have known fear, and are willing to admit it. Basil Clarke, in *My Round of the War*, tells about one little corporal.

"He's the 'hardest case' I know," said the officer. "He'll go anywhere, do anything under fire. But one telltale little trick he has. Over and over I have noticed it—when the bullets are spitting about him. Guess what he does?

"He turns his overcoat collar up. That's the only outward concession to funk that *he* makes. But I'd like to know what's going on in that lion's heart of his, all the same."

The prospect of "leave" engenders in soldiers a fear that is unique.

"The only time that our men feared battle and death," says Mr. Clarke, "was when they had been posted for leave. To be killed on the eve of your leave was the only death I heard spoken of in terms of horror and fear."

In Shining Armor Clad

This German prisoner looks more like an armadillo than any kind of a human animal. The Germans have revived many ancient military devices, and prisoners captured in recent battles often wear almost complete suits of armor.

He Did It with His Little Scissors

A PAIR of scissors and a flashlight are perfectly good weapons with which to capture Germans if one has nothing else handy. So Captain William Hale, Jr., discovered. Captain Hale is a graduate of Amherst, serving with the Canadian Medical Corps; and the exploit that won him the British Military Cross is told in the Springfield *Republican*:

After a forward rush in which several lines of German trenches were taken, Captain Hale reckied the problem of locating a new first-aid station in the captured terrain. "It is safe to say," writes the chaplain, "that there was not a German dugout in the vicinity which Captain Hale did not visit in his effort to secure the best quarters. This in itself was a dangerous business, as there was no saying when he might run across a lurking and stubborn Hun. As a matter of fact, this actually occurred, for, descending into the darkness of an apparently abandoned dugout, Captain Hale was accosted by the now familiar appeal, 'Mercy—Kamerad.' Turning his ridiculously small flashlight in the direction of the voices, he saw five uninjured and able-bodied Germans. The situation required tact. There was no time to parley. It was one M. D. armed with a flashlight and a pair of scissors versus five truculent Huns. Captain Hale's knowledge of the German tongue is limited but practical. 'Heraus mit you!' he shouted, and the five, seeing the ferocity of his glance, obediently 'heraused,' and were turned over by the Captain to the boys who watch the barbed-wire preserves."

Will They Stand for This After the War?

WE sometimes imagine the whole German nation as having been united in its enthusiasm for the army before the war. As a matter of fact, Americans who did business in Germany say that they seldom met a middle-class business man who did not hate the army. Army service meant for him that he must take a couple of weeks out of the busiest time of every year to go to camp and be ordered about by petty officers; and that he must be always subject to the insolence of men who, in his heart, he knew were usually inferior to himself.

In 1914 the socialist Rosa Luxemburg was brought to trial for protesting publicly against the maltreatment of soldiers in the barracks by their officers. She was brought to trial, and the government broke off the trial when it was half through—not, however, before 922 German citizens had rushed forward with offers to testify against the brutality of German officers.

These are just a few extracts from the testimony that was offered, and republished by the Committee on Public Information:

A witness who had served in the army from 1885 to 1888 was struck in the face with the fist by Lieutenant Exler, so that a tooth bled and got loose. He was beaten till he was bleeding, but report of the case was not sent higher up. Musketeer Hempel *shot and killed himself after drill*, because he had been grossly insulted by a corporal in front of the company. A reservist threw himself in front of a railroad train, another drowned himself, because they could no longer stand the abuse of Non-Commissioned Officer Huebner.

Another witnessed *maltreatment to severe as to cause blood to flow*; spitting at soldiers by superiors; caning by officers, one of whom made two soldiers poke the head of another, who was bodily and mentally weak, into the snow up to his neck. This lieutenant struck his sword between a soldier's hands, which were tied behind his back, so that when he walked the point struck the hollow of his knee.

A Polish recruit was *maltreated so fearfully by a N. C. O. that he finally hanged himself*. The N. C. O. got the soldiers to testify that they had seen nothing.

A N. C. O. struck a sick recruit repeatedly on the chest so that he screamed with pain and soon thereafter died in a hospital.

Witness saw that the recruits were *made to march the rooms with mark-brushes*, climb on wardrobes, slide under the beds on their stomachs; were *beaten with whips*, particularly at night, by the professional regulars (*alte Leute*).

Officers and N. C. O.'s tolerated the maltreatment on the part of these men. The witness reported such a case, but without result. One officer struck recruits in the face during instruction.

Militarism has only one food—victories. People will submit to its exactions so long as it brings them fresh territories to exploit, and new chances for wealth and distinction. But if German militarism comes home from this war without a victory, is it likely that the German people will ever again stand for the sort of thing that they stood so patiently before the war?

It Deserved the V. C.

This hero pigeon was carrying a message when a German bullet broke its leg and drove the metal message-carrier into its body. But the bird flew on and brought the message safely to headquarters, then fell dead.

The Deserter

BIGGS was a Canadian attached to a base hospital. One day he went down town, and failed to return. Immediately the cry went out for him, and French and British police began to search for a deserter or a dead body in the sea. Finally they located him—in the trenches.

His colonel raved, and the fine point was raised: Could a man desert *into* the fight? While they were trying to settle it, Biggs was brought back under the charge of a couple of military police. He told his story, which was simple.

He had met a couple of friends down-town. Being raw to the business of war, they did not realize that it was a crime to be over-zealous to fight. Being lucky, they were not caught en route to the firing line, where an inspector halts you at every few yards. They had evaded such interruptions by climbing on a rock train and hiding amid the rocks. Arrived at the line, they inquired for a battalion in which they had some friends. Here they marched boldly up to the Major, who happened to be a chum of Biggs's. He, though hospitable in the matter of food, put them under open arrest, giving them duty until an escort arrived.

The Boche, willing to oblige in the matter of fighting, immediately opened fire on the trench, while a sniper took a shot at the over-eager Biggs, who ventured to put a head over the parapet. However, none of them being hurt, they were quite unrepentant when they returned and faced the judge at a trial.

What was the charge? Absence for so many days without leave.

Mr. Biggs's sentence was fourteen days' field punishment! The moral of the tale you may draw for yourself. It is told in *Letters of a Canadian Stretcher-Bearer* (Little, Brown & Company).

German Subjects

The Kaiser's rule in German East Africa is no pleasanter than in Belgium and northern France. His subjects in the jungle have to be chained together to insure their loyalty to the Fatherland.

How Bud Fisher Invented Mutt and Jeff—*By* JANE DIXON

We asked Bud Fisher to pick out the most amusing of his Mutt and Jeff pictures to illustrate this article about their creator. He picked this one because the joke was on himself, although Mr. Fisher's accident was a serious reality. He likes it so well that he has the original framed and hung in his office, with the caption, "What would you do?" We will say for Bud that the self-portrait does not flatter him.

FAILURE is not always final. The slightest turn of fortune's wheel, and it is revamped into success.

Take, for example, the failure of Harry Conway Fisher, the inimitable "Bud" who presides over the antics of those funny fellows Mutt and Jeff. Bud will tell you that nine out of every ten persons he meets ask him where he found the characters for his cartoons.

Bud started his cartooning career in Los Angeles. He had barely passed his 'teens. When the home town began to feel a trifle cramped, he drifted to San Francisco. He was getting along fairly well, drawing a salary of about fifteen dollars a week—some weeks. Among other beats he covered was the race-track.

One evening Bud came in from the track feeling pretty blue. The ponies were running wrong. The life of a comic artist looked about as promising as a packet of canceled checks. He sat down at his board and drew a cartoon of himself. Underneath it he printed "A. Mutt." He took it in and handed it to the city editor of the *Chronicle*. "Who's that?" snapped the big boss.

"That's A. Mutt."

"Who's A. Mutt?"

"That's me," said Bud.

A. Mutt was such a comical figure of dejection that the editor broke out in a laugh.

"He's good. Keep him in the act," was the order.

The next day Bud took Mutt to the race-track. Mutt looked over the horses through Bud's eyes. That night he gave a tip on the races for the following day. Luck was with him. Again and again he won. It reached the point where Mutt could not lose. It is a matter of newspaper history that this fictional character ran his winnings up from $1,000 to $80,000. That is, if a man who had $1,000 had taken Mutt's tips from the beginning, he would have been $79,000 to the good.

The publisher of the *Chronicle* tells to this day how men and women from every walk of San Francisco life used to line up outside the building, waiting for the first papers off the press to get Mutt's daily tip. All sorts of tricks were resorted to in an effort to get inside information before the papers were out.

Little Jeff entered the act later. At the time of the Claus Sprockels mayoralty scandals in San Francisco, Bud took Mutt to visit an asylum. There Mutt formed the acquaintance of Little Jeff. He immediately adopted Jeff as a pal.

They still talk in San Francisco of the hair-trigger mind of the brilliant young cartoonist, once he struck his pace. One evening—it was the 31st of March, to be exact—Bud was talking shop with a bunch of cronies in a favorite refreshment haunt near the *Chronicle* office. It was growing late. One of the party reminded Bud that he had to draw a "strip" that night before press time.

"Plenty of time," was the reply.

The hands of the clock kept moving around. Some of the fellows grew nervous.

"Look here, Bud," they said, "if you are going to draw that strip to-night, you'd better blow."

"What's the *hurry?*" asked Bud.

Fifteen minutes before press time a fellow artist exploded.

"Well," he gurgled, "you'll never draw that strip to-night."

"Bet you a hundred dollars I do."

"I'll cover your money. I know it can't be done."

The wager was deposited with a trusty for safe keeping. Bud left. In fifteen minutes to the dot he was back.

"Draw your strip?" came the chorus.

"Sure I did."

It took a telephone message to the art editor to confirm Bud's word. The next morning Bud's friends were on hand bright and early to see his lightning cartoon. Across the seven-column space reserved for Mutt and Jeff, in large black letters, was printed: "APRIL FOOL." Bud had rushed over, grabbed a brush, and painted the timely joke. The laugh was on the town, and no one enjoyed it more than the town itself.

That clever comedy team, Mutt and Jeff, have traveled a long way since those old days in San Francisco. They are the biggest money-makers of the current comics. They have pinned on their author the title of $100,000-a-year cartoonist. A recent contract with a newspaper syndicate brought $1,500 a week from the newspapers alone. Besides this, Mutt and Jeff act in the movies. And whenever they have a bit of extra time, Bud takes them into vaudeville—another thousand or so a week to their credit.

Various other sources of income bring their net earnings up dangerously close to the two hundred thousand per annum mark.

Just at present Mutt and Jeff are in the army, where they are doing valiant service in the artillery. It is Lieutenant Bud Fisher, F. A.-N. A., now. The cartoonist was a graduate from the second officers' training camp at Plattsburg, and expects soon to take his faithful allies, the big and little fellows, over the top with him in France.

This is not their first experience in army life. Two years or more ago, during a trip into Mexico, Bud was commissioned a captain in the army of General Pancho Villa. He never worked at the job. Looting Mexico didn't appeal to the man who has a gold mine of his own right back of his forehead.

She Owes Her Career to a Cow

MISS MARGARET WOODVILLE, surgeon and gynecologist, graduate of the Medical Institute of Berlin, and now a distinguished practitioner in New York City, told me the other day how she came to be a doctor.

It was because I discovered, purely by accident, that I could be happy in no other profession (she said).

This is the girl who saved the cow who ate the corn that grew in the yard that belonged to the man who fired the shot that made Miss Woodville a surgeon.

I used to be a teacher, and I lived 'way down South in Dixie. I graduated from a State Normal Institute when I was eighteen, and began teaching a rural school, because I had to work for my living and could think of nothing else I was fitted to do. I managed fairly well at it, by hard, conscientious endeavor; but I just couldn't love my work.

I taught in a log cabin on the edge of a wood, without modern appliances or conveniences, and with hardly enough books and slates to go around. I had twenty-five pupils, and I made friends with them all; only, I couldn't bear to teach them. The pleasantest part of the day was the walk I took after school with two of my boys through two miles of forest way leading to the home of their mother, with whom I boarded. She was a dear, and everybody called her "Miss Abbie," disregarding the fact that she had been wedded and widowed.

Miss Abbie had a cow named Redbird, which we all adored because, like the immortal cow of whom Stevenson writes, she "gave us cream with all her might."

One day when I went home after school with Jimmy and Danny, Miss Abbie met us on the edge of the clearing, with a tragic face. Redbird had broken pasture and got into the growing corn of a neighbor, who—most unneighborlike—had shot her in the thigh. Poor Redbird had limped home on three legs, and sunk down in the barn-yard to die in a pool of her blood.

Whether it was the sight of Miss Abbie's tears, or Redbird's blood, or both, that moved me, I was instantly at my boldest and best. I got some strong home-spun cotton cloth and made a tourniquet bandage. This I got around Redbird's thigh so as to cut off the flow of blood from the heart, twisting a stick into it to make a tight ligature. Then Miss Abbie heated a caldron of water, and Danny and I bathed away the blood, after the boys had constructed, under my directions, a sort of framework of light rails, to prevent our patient from escaping.

Then came the really dreadful part. I put my fingers deep into the warm and bleeding wound, and probed until I found the bullet. I drew it out; and then, tremendously emboldened, picked up and tied the severed veins. I found a little iodine in Miss Abbie's medicine-chest, and disinfected the wound.

Redbird recovered, and lived many years and had many sons and daughters.

"My child," said Miss Abbie to me, "you ought to be a doctor."

"My dear," said I, with complete conviction, "I am going to be."

This is His Week

In City Hall Park, New York City, is a bronze statue of a boyish figure bound for execution, a daily reminder to thousands who harry by that our independence was bought by some of the best blood in the land. Nathan Hale died at the age of twenty-two, hanged as a spy; but his death proved what his life had only indicated. He was born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755, and resigned his life as a sacrifice to his country's liberty in New York, September 22, 1776.

YOUNG Nathan Hale, Yale, class of 1773, was teaching school in New London, Connecticut, when the War of the Revolution broke out. There was no Plattsburg in those days, but he had qualified as a guardsman in the college militia, and he was of the stuff of which officers were made. He got a lieutenancy without any difficulty, and marched away to the colors. Within a few months he was made a captain.

Almost at once he came under the notice of General Washington, and the harassed General was looking for such a man as Hale for a job he had in view.

It was not a nice job, but it was a job that had to be done by some one. New York was practically at the mercy of the enemy. Their guns on Brooklyn Heights commanded the city, and the safety of the whole rebel army depended upon discovering what was happening on Long Island, how things stood within the enemy lines.

Disguised as a Dutch school-teacher, Hale crossed the Sound at Norwalk, and took observation of the enemy camp. Precisely when, where, and under what circumstances Hale was captured and executed has been a matter of tradition and uncertainty. It appears, however, that he did not seek to save his life when he saw that he had failed in his mission. He told them who he was and why he was there, and then, with the breath that was left him, came the inborn spontaneous sentiment which we now carve in marble and in bronze:

"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO GIVE FOR MY COUNTRY."

GENERATIONS of priests in glistening robes, deacons in scarlet and purple and acolytes in white surplices have paced the magnificent aisles of Notre Dame of Rheims. Generations of voices have chanted hymns beneath the gorgeous splendor of sculpture, row upon row upon tier. No pourtrayer more-book has been complete without a word about the dull pride even in northern France in whose great cathedral the builders left scarcely a stone untouched by the chisel.

To-day, great gaping holes pierce the walls and fragments of shattered kings, of saints and owls, of angels and gargoyles, lie in heaps upon the floor. Nor is this the first time that the great cathedral has stood against the challenge of destruction. The first work was begun about 1212, and for three centuries the church authorities and the workers were at dagger points. Archbishops fought their flocks from fortified castles, and the flocks defied archbishops from behind barriers made of the stones intended for the new cathedral. Again, during the French Revolution, great portions of rare sculpture were destroyed by those who hoped to throw off the power of the Church.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be needed to rebuild Notre Dame of Rheims. But, even when this sum is in hand, will she ever be truly "restored"? Probably not; for even more necessary to its reconstruction than money and skilled workmen is the spirit of the fifteenth century and where will one find that?

LOVE LETTERS

AFTER the famil... [illegible] Boccane [illegible] n Goethe "I ... kings sleep, and ... last I was so late ... learns me walking ... him far from thee. ... reason is that ... [illegible] hold at me in the ... h ne arm. Oh, dear ... me has a sign that ... genius of me." To h ... breakly replied "h ... sweet-minded child ... let you with [illegible] ... Thy pictures of wh ... to chat with at ... of underneath are ... sketches which can ... their high interest.

© Cosmopolitan Corporation

WHITTY, as they are under the burnt, cold eye of the censor probably very few thrilling love letters will come out of this war. "Dearest Mary," most U.S. soldiers' letters begin. "The weather has been pretty bad lately. Those cigars you sent came in mighty handy. Take good care of yourself. Love, Joe." But as he fifteen h century given the stern-browed Luther busy bustling with the Church of Rome, wrote foolish letters like this to the beautiful Catharine de Bora. "My Eve, my Kit, my rib Kit, that most learned dame, Catharine Luther, ah, Kit, how much I have some ribs have to answer for." No doubt Catharine understood his perfect y

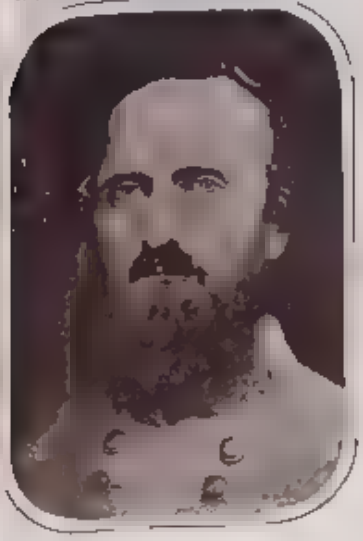
BETTER Josephine in a becoming faint while Napoleon goes off to marry Louise! And after having written her: "Bravo, Love. Tell me without thinking of Josephine would he death and annihilation of your husband. Good heavens! tell me, you who know so well how to make others love you without being in love yourself do you know how to cure one of love?" Lash myself to fury in order to love you no more. Bah, don't give you the more?" ah, no! you've be ter of it. I love you in distraction, and never will my poor heart cease to give all for love." Even after he Emperor has married Louise he often wrote to his first love. "My affection for you does not change and ing to know but you are happy and well cared

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING and her Robert wrote two volumes of love letters to each other before they were married. Afterward they never exchanged a single line, for they were never separated. Writes Robert: "My sweetest, best, dearest life, I do love you less, much less already and adore you more merely by so much more as are of you, think of you, am yours just as much as these flowers." And Elizabeth answered: "Best and kindest of all that ever were to be loved in dreams, and wondered at and loved out of them, you are adored! May God bless you, dear dearest. Ever and wholly Your Ba."

S OF THE GREAT

JOVE is the most A g pr ng. E ew sch ng C or ounded, d-evilish af ture of life the most E s ravagan E ptitious God-knocked, n andy-dandy-ish, and Lyrical of all human passions." The Rev Laurence Sterne came to this conclusion af er he had run the gamut of many infatuations. While his wife went away he wrote: "Time hour you left Piccadilly took to my bed, you n not with fevers n all kinds." He could eat no his supper. "Dog solitary brute one ha fo me, one fork, one glass! I gave a heroic pensive, penetrating look at the chair you had so often graced a bare quiet and sentimental re- lineto. then laid down my knife and fork, took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. ifu ng this minute. Oh my God, but adieu, the vesper bell calls me from here to my God."

OUR own doughty Stonewall Jackson wrote thus to Mrs. Jackson when she was ill at a sanatorium: "My little pet your husband was made very happy to re- ceiving two let ers from you. To-day I rode your horse out to your lot, to see your ca- bages, and think my little woman has a rare full u apricots. I trust that our Heav- enly Father is restoring my dear o health, and that when she gets home she will again be its sunshine. You are one darling of darlings." Again he wrote: "I hope that it is satisfactory to somebody is feeling as lovely as a lark. My previous note darling, your husband had his dinner all alone, and feels and enough him afternoon. I follow you in mind and heart." This was the same stern spirit who wrote of John Brown's hang- ing: "A sight here I was on missing but very solemn one."



THIS is no way King ery. I wonder Ann- lin ys ng. If a ever and loved. My hea and I surrender to him as your rightful and we supplicate as he commanded, o your good are ge in my case. Be ashamed of obscene as ever. In would be an plendid were it not a true firm hope, hope of your ndi suitable affection upon il me. This is from the hope of our servant and friend, alys. From her answer pr son here from ace Anne reminded her little son that "penny pr no- him will must obey a all duty and n all our affection than you have ever found in Anne Bradstr t. I assure of God, has he will re- dim your great sin. You must love and ever faithful wife. For interest in a big lemon n my next n special consignment from Smyrna, a ar off her hind

LIZA Elizabeth Linley was surprised to receive by ardent appears that she utter sought to escape them by speedily. Her ot ers n to successful suitor Richard Sheridan, instead of prin- ter grammar. Two o'clock. You unreasonable creat ure to make me sit up for me if he might to possible nuisance to you. If, my d r, you are to stay indeed. When I said the worst was of he opinion we should be married in a month, only think of this, my girl. Heaven's, and bless you, my dear dear love, could not hear to se- his de blank space we have it up. Sheridan's letters were filled with such endearments as "dear your babe," "my own life," and "my love," and "Bless you- ve dear - me all!

RICHARD Alfred Noyes thought it was much more fun for Irene McCoy's husband and little Hope's father than standing all over the globe looking for wire news. From Tunis he wrote: "Dear God, I never had any idea would be so perfect a scenery sun. All her exploits is getting the days behind me and getting you into my arms. As the man said, 'God knows, I love my country and wish to fight for her but I hope to God I'll never love another country. Good night, dear dear one."

PEOPLE WHO HAVE TIME TO THINK

Photograph by Bloom Brothers

IT often occurs to us that what a wonderful magazine we could make if we only had time to devote each week to think. If we were an elevator starter, for instance, what a gem of a novel we would be! What does an elevator starter have to do but think? He stops thinking only in the rush hours, when he pretty strenuously urges us to get on or get off. But how does he manage to keep all the cars at the top of the shaft at the same time? That's the mystery to us.

Photograph by Bloom Brothers

THE happiest thinking job in the world is held by the gentleman shown above, whose office is in the New York Subway at 28th Street. This is the most important job on the line, and the gentleman takes in an average of ten cents in twenty-four hours. The gentleman's name is Nathan Yulich. Mr. Yulich must Mr. Woolworth sometimes and interest five and ten cent business men in the city.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

WHAT do night watchmen think about? To us, the rest of the world the return of the sunlight is an unwelcome call to get up and shave and go to work again; to the night watchman it means the end of the job and a good day's sleep. Why has no night watchman ever written a great poem on the first glimpse of a sunrise? Thinking of these things got us so interested that we nearly forgot to state that this night watchman is Tom McNamara, of New York's City Hall.

FOR nineteen years James Whitaker has been on the job he has stood for nineteen years in front of a dentist's door displaying his perfect teeth in an expansive smile. This is the first authentic interview ever presented with James Whitaker, viz.: "What is your favorite sport?" Ans. "Pinochle." "Are you satisfied with your career?" Ans. "No!" Emphatically. "I always wanted to be an inventor."

Photograph by Klein Photo Co.

Original Film Photograph

ONE reason we are glad we are not rich is that we will never have to be a chaperon. What in the world could be drearier than to sit by for a couple of hours every evening and watch somebody else make love? Yet a chaperon has lots of time to think, and we wonder what goes on in her mind? What memories of the days when she was young and fair herself? "If I see that young rip around here again I'll spank you." And she replies as naughty: "We love each other, and he has a perfectly splendid job as a waiter, and I love him, and so there!"

AFTER the sun has set in splendor pacific Joe Gundlun goes patiently out to his station and sets himself a pastime of cobble-stones against the wicked. Since Joe has been on the job no thief has hitched a single ride, his golf has blown the away. And Joe watching, he cobble stones below and the stars above, wonders about the streets above, how are paved with gold, and the other streets away below that are paved with good intentions.

Photograph by Harry Collins

FIVE MINUTES OF SCIENCE—*By* WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

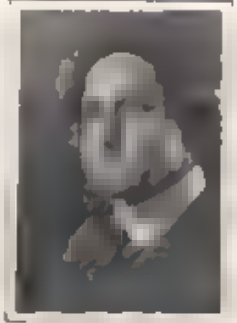
An Electric Eye

SOMETIME
smoke, a
When his movements are to be concealed from the enemy, he orders a squadron of oil-fired destroyers to place themselves between him and the enemy, and to belch from their funnels the thickest kind of black smoke that can be produced. The draft under the boilers is partially shut off, and forthwith a sooty veil hangs over the

boxes. How do they know whether their ship is vomiting the densest possible kind
the bridge can
som; but in a
o do without
that.

In order to help out the men below, electric eyes have been mounted on some the smoke- ick is an artificial eye that

> SCIENCE *is pretty dis-*
>
> *as to facts and information, and the facts are told in a way that you and I*
>
> *cially those new things that can be of use to us and our lives and business*



cups that have been introduced in l
years to avoid the bayer
that lurk in the common

What did he find? In some forms of bubbling cups, bacteria of the deadliest kind are juggled day after day, just like the ball in the fountain jet.

The man who invented and introduced the bubbling cup thought that he had sidestepped bacteria once and for all. Now he will have to start in all over again. And

Domesticating an Explosive

YOU cherish an illusion if you think that your library chair or the luxu-

Making the Past Live Again

W
f you could control yi

Juggling Germs

Of

You can see at once that the thicker from the earth into space at a speed

principal base of leather substitutes

"Some Game Guy," by Wilbur Hall

pass.
only of Wild Bill Tenny

They topped a low summit, dropped
mud, and came out of the wood. Jouven

ittle morning cries, came out with a

pilot. And presently the Frenchman
the brave men fighting there for an idea

uncomprehending, watching, watching

"It is that we have lost our road," the driver said laconically. "The devil with

They gave up trying to make headway

uncertain as to anything save the directions given them by their pocket com-

the better track. Dawn

appro
Laflin, welcoming the first rays of the

H
dem
course had been checked suddenly
by a small shell. A random shot, flying

brakes on and leaped
is face was white under
the mud that splotched it. Laflin knew

all
the man without fear, had driven

d a stillness emphasized
b distant blurred explosions held the
spot in their dead center. Not a living

But then Laflin's eye fell to the
housed and bullet-scarred car, rose to
a shell-torn and dese-

"Come—we can't do anything here
"No, monsieur. But he was—he was—"
They stumbled away

with the cheers, that had always been food
and d nk to his odd spirit, ringing in his
ears goats down around him when he
went down. And the gods d sent him

"The band!" he cried. "What he had always wished!"

His voice broke. Laflin tried to speak, ch ed, and laughed hysterically

and I going out saying to each other: 'Poor old Tenny. But he sure was one game guy!'"

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography and Adventure

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF MINKS AND ERMINES

These aspiring young trappers have caught a badger, which is a pest and should be exterminated for the sake of the crops. Its fur, however, is worth only about $1

THE price of furs has increased from [illegible] getting extinct. When the war started the woodsman left his traps to rust and made for the nearest recruiting station. "Not until he shouldered a gun and marched away did people begin to realize that it was he, this unheralded frontiers man, who really was the [illegible] and supply of the world's fur market.

The result of this exodus is twofold. Animals are increasing in numbers and boldness; and trapping is coming to be one of the most profitable and least crowded occupations in Canada. Not [illegible] trappers who are [illegible] but [illegible] the harvest season is o[illegible]

"Sam Patenaude, a French-Canadian who has a homestead upon the Athabasca River, where he raises grain and makes his home in the summer, went out last winter with his partner into the country above Fort McMurray, and the two men made three thousand dollars over and above all their expenses. In their catch they had two beautiful black foxes besides a large number of small animals such as mink, muskrat, and the little American ermine.

"Six loads of furs brought into Edmonton last spring by professional trappers netted three quarters of a million dollars.

A trapper's outfit is simple in the extreme. It must be something he can pack on his back from one trapping shack to the next. He takes a small camp [illegible] the main shack, which is a little [illegible] more and comfortable than [illegible] and a little tin reflector that he can set up in front of the open fire and use to bake his bannocks—large baking-powder biscuits. Each trapper takes from one hundred to [illegible] hundred and fifty steel traps of all sizes, from those designed for the grizzly bear to the little snares for mink and [illegible]ine. His supplies, which must be sufficient for the entire winter, include flour, bacon, sugar, tea, beans, and evaporated [illegible] potatoes which come in five-pound tins, and, by little souvenirs of potatoes, that swell up like dried apples when they are boiled and regain an amazing amount of [illegible] palatable mealiness.

With this outfit compactly packed, the trapper takes the train for Grande Prairie. He rides his horse out on to the Kootenai Plains, where he leaves him for the winter, and then, with snowshoes and packs, goes out into the great purple mystery.

DOES IT DO ANY GOOD TO WHIP A MAN?

AS a part of its prison system, New Jersey continues the whipping-post. Ostensibly it is maintained for the punishment of wife-beaters and bank robbers; but, as a matter of fact, of sixty-four men who were whipped last year only one was a wife-beater, and the majority were common thieves, many of whom had committed only small thefts.

Captain Richard F. Cross, the man in charge of the Newcastle Work House, who attends to the whipping, is of the opinion that it does very little good in [illegible]ing men from future crime.

The total lashes given during the year [illegible] 1175," he reports, "and yet I may [illegible] 999 out of a thousand, or even the thousand flat, were of no use as far as making a better man out of the prisoner [illegible]

To get some more definite [illegible]ion about the benefit or damage the whipping-post might [illegible] minority, I walked into the dining-room recently, and said: 'Boys, there is a movement on foot to abolish the whipping-[illegible] Now I want all of you who have been whipped more than once to raise your hands.' I found that eleven had been whipped twice, three had been whipped three times, and one had been at the whipping-post four times. I also heard that there was a man out of prison who had been whipped seven or eight times.

FROM AN EARLY VIRGINIA CHRONICLE

A picture from an old book on Virginia, showing Indian women carrying their babies. Between them is a baby bound "naked to a convenient board," and off to the right a spirited hunting scene is in progress.

INDIANS have a wide reputation for [illegible]dour, silent behavior. It is interesting to read the testimony given by early [illegible] in Virginia, who seem to refute [illegible] Conway Whittle Sams, in *The Conquest of Virginia* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), quotes one of the early chronicles as [illegible]

"The Indian damsels are full of [illegible] spirit, and from thence are always inspired with mirth and good humor. They [illegible] extremely given to laugh, which they do with a grace not to be resisted. The excess of life and fire, which they [illegible] fail in have, makes them frolicsome, but without any real imputation to their [illegible]

"Their elder women are cooks, barbers, and for service, the younger for dalliance. The women hang their children at their backs in summer naked [illegible] [illegible] skin [illegible]

[illegible]ddling a stranger they spread a mat for him to sit down, and dance before him. They wear their nails long to flay their deer, they put bow and arrows into their children's hands before they are six years old.

"The manner of the Indians treating their young children is very strange, for instead of keeping them warm, at their first entry into the world, and wrapping them up, with I don't know how many clothes, according to our fond custom, the first thing they do is to dip the child over head and ears in cold water, and then to bind it naked to [illegible] but they always put [illegible] other soft thing, for [illegible] pin, between the chil[illegible] This posture they keep it several months, till the bones begin to harden, the joints to knit, and the limbs to grow strong, and they then let it loose from the board, suffering it to crawl about except when they are feeding or playing with it.

"Their cookery has nothing commend[illegible] it that it is performed w[illegible] They have no other sauce but a good stomach, which they seldom [illegible]

WHY 15,000 MEN FAIL EVERY YEAR

YEAR in and year out, about 15,000 business men, and business concerns, fail. In good years, such as 19[illegible] number drops to 13,000, and in more trying years rises to 16,000 or 17,000. Since [illegible] business births.

Why is it? asks Professor Malcolm [illegible] in the *Independent*. Why do 15,000 [illegible] per cent. dishonesty, 6 per cent.

Inexperience is by far the most deadly enemy, accounting for more than [illegible] times as many casualties a[illegible] Many a bright young m[illegible] good subordinate jump[illegible] that he can make a success on his own account, and, without any real knowledge of buying or accounting or the problems of advertising and salesmanship, opens an office and hangs out his sign.

Unless such a man is exceptionally fortunate, or has older and wiser heads to guide him, he is pretty certain to be numbered with the failures at the end of the year. With him also will be found the man successful in one line of business, who [illegible] that he can step over into another line with which he is only partially [illegible]

"Lack of capital" is given often as a cause of failure, but the real trouble, as Professor Kerr points out, is not the *lack* but the unwise use of capital. Americans, he says, have a mania for machinery. Young men starting in business load themselves up with far more equipment than [illegible] or pay for, and leave too little working capital to carry on the [illegible]

These are the two chief trouble-makers. Then close behind them come bad location, bad accounting, the employment of [illegible]atives, and over-conservatism. Dishonesty in the event of American business is a comparatively small factor in the record of failures.

THE ARMY WANTS WOMEN LIKE THIS

This young [illegible] radio operator entitled to wear the uniform and the insignia of the Radio Corps of the United States Army. Lenore Phipps Frantum of Cincinnati passed her examination with a credit of 91⅞ per cent. and will soon receive an assignment to active service.

THE CZARINA RESISTED TO THE LAST

WHEN Nicholas II was dethroned by the Revolution, he took it with a calm that was admirable. [illegible] garden, answered politely when his revolutionary guards addressed him as Colonel Romanoff, and always thanked [illegible] with her fate. From the minute she heard of the Revolution, she resented it and never ceased an inch in her contempt [illegible]

At first she refused to believe that the [illegible] could be serious. She [illegible] Isola Manchanow, her [illegible] in *My Escape* [illegible] said would not be so bad, because [illegible] 'three or four was a loyal monarchist.

Then suddenly the news came that the Czar had abdicated. The Czarina was overcome. "There must be some mistake. It is impossible that Nicky has said here our boy's exams, she kept repeating. But when at last compelled to believe that such had been the case, she gave [illegible] expression of rage which showed how thoroughly she despised the weak-minded man to whom she was bound, and ex[illegible] claimed, [illegible] thought at least in his fright [illegible]

[illegible] after the [illegible] arrest. General Kornilof [illegible] known as a leader of [illegible] appeared at Czarskoe [illegible] officers of his staff, and demanded [illegible] the Empress. She received him with a haughty and ironic manner, but in return she was forced to stand while he read her the order for her arrest.

This incident, more than the [illegible] itself, humiliated the Czarina beyond all reason. Often, in her converse[illegible] with her maid in waiting, she would [illegible] pear. "Can you imagine? He made me stand up—me, the Empress of Russia!"

"Among the many annoyances and indignities put upon the Emperor and Empress," says the [illegible] order given by [illegible] good-humouredly, or, rather, contemptuously; but the Empress was extremely affected by this insolence. 'We have been crowned at Moscow,' she used to say, 'and nothing can change this now. The Czar is always the Czar.'

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

The pig is no longer a back-yard snore-fiddler on legs. The war has given him an elevated and respected [illegible] in the sun. With what refined enthusiasm the three [illegible] spirited animals await the arrival [illegible] soon which is to make them thrice [illegible]

ALLAH IN ENGLAND

Indian soldiers may wear British uniforms and British army boots, and drill on the soil of England, but they bring their prayer rugs with them, and take off their boots according to Moslem rule when they bow in prayer. These Indian troops in Woking, England, are celebrating the "Feast of sacrifice."

MORAL QUALITIES CAN NOT BE INHERITED

TAKE two healthy babies, one of humble peasant stock, the other of "high-born" parents, give them the [illegible] and an equal [illegible] that "[illegible] Anna [illegible] strong physical differences, and these [illegible] human types [illegible] English baby, a farm laborer's baby and a king's baby, all belong to the same physi[illegible] [illegible]day any one of a hundred [illegible] gives [illegible] adaptability and puts at his command the whole inheritance of the human race [illegible]

inheritance." —that is, what he inherits from his father and mother,—counts for little, says Mr Holmes:

[illegible]ies that the upper classes are by nature morally and spiritually superior to the lower is a dangerous delusion, of which, for their own [illegible] to the upper classes [illegible] selves. "If the lower [illegible] reared in criminal surroundings, and [illegible] law for the rich and [illegible] has proved to demonstra[illegible] o has there not also been reserves of heroism and self-devotion in human nature, and that in the upper classes are not more [illegible] wed than the lower, nor the lower [illegible] lower than the upper. An officer writes:

"I'm not sensational, but since I've been out here in the trenches I've had the water forced [illegible] and satisfied her [illegible] in equivalent terms of their officers. The truth is that in response to the stimulus of this tremendous war sublime qualities [illegible] awaking which exist as possibilities [illegible] hidden depths of our nature where d[illegible]

THE BEST AGE FOR GENIUS

SIR EDWARD CLARKE in his [illegible] memoirs made the statement [illegible] the age of thirty [illegible] highest level [illegible] faculties of man [illegible] adduced a number of [illegible] in support [illegible]

The statement was challenged by Hall Caine, whose letter in the London *Observer* is quoted in *Current Opinion*:

[illegible] me that Hall [illegible] seem to die the hereditary [illegible] mind," says Mr Caine, Shakespeare [illegible] he produced "Hamlet," Edmund [illegible] was Hadowe," was produced by [illegible] when he was fifty-five, and "Lear" [illegible] died when Victor [illegible]

THAT SO-CALLED PRUSSIAN EFFICIENCY

[illegible] German efficiency [illegible] just as much fact in Germany [illegible] as anywhere else in the world, and is usually, if anything, a good [illegible]

[illegible] After having pledged his word to the Ministry of War that the work of sewing would be given exclusively to the wives of soldiers, Herr von Behr-Pinnow secured a monopoly of the making and supplying of sacks and sand bags for the Ger[illegible]

[illegible] pay them 10d. for each sack. Herr von Pinnow thereupon established a [illegible] on sales by [illegible] Lokatun, Counc[illegible] a profit within one [illegible] £1,000,000.

It was further [illegible] had paid [illegible] than 10d. pe[illegible]

[illegible] Der[illegible] [illegible] deputies [illegible] well brough, and Herr von [illegible] angrily charged with embez[illegible] when the judge was about to pass sentence a statement was handed in the Court in which every one of the charges brought against the defendant was denied, also he was [illegible] unre disclaimed [illegible] German efficiency [illegible]

WE HAVE OFTEN FELT THE SAME WAY

From the Tatler

OLD VILLAGER TO DISTRICT VISITOR: *People be al[illegible] ye on to me about keepin' up me club payments, else I'll have nothing for me [illegible]*

A LOW TACKLE BY TORCHY

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

WHAT I like about livin' out in the forty-minutes-if-you're-lucky sector is that, once you get here, it's so nice and quiet. You don't have to worry, when you turn in at night, about manhole covers bein' blown through front windows, or whether the basement floor will drop into the subway, or if some gun gang is going to use your street for a shootin' gallery. All you do is douse the lights and feel sure nothin's going to happen until breakfast.

We were talkin' something along this line the other evenin', Vee and me, sayin' how restful and soothin' these spring nights in the country was—you know sort of handin' it to ourselves. And we couldn't have been more'n two hours later that I'm routed rude out of the downy by the 'phone bell. It's buzzin' away frantic. I scrambles out and hits the receiver to my ear just in time to get the full benefit of the last half of a long ring.

"Ah, take your thumb off," I sings out to the night operator. "Who you think you're ringin'—the fire house or some doc-

Here's your party," I hears her mark cheerful, and then the other voice comes in.

Well, it's Norton Plummer, that fussy little lawyer neighbor of ours who lives about half a mile the other side of the railroad. Since he's been made chairman of the local Council of Defense and put me on as head of one of his committees, he's rung me up frequent, generally at dinner-time, to ask if I have anything to report. Seems to think, just because I'm a reserve lieutenant on special detail, that I ought to be discoverin' spies and diggin' out plots every few minutes.

"Yes, yes," says I. "This is me. What's been?"

"Did you read about that German naval officer who escaped from an internment camp last week?" he asks.

"But that was way down in North Carolina or somewhere, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps," says Plummer. "But he isn't there now. He's here."

"Eh?" says I. "Where?"

"Prowling around my house," says Plummer. "That is, he was a few moments ago. My chauffeur saw him. So did I. He's on his way down towards the trolley line now."

"Why didn't you nab him?" I asks.

"Me?" says Plummer. "Why, he's a huge fellow, and no doubt a desperate man. I presume he was after me. I don't know."

"But how'd you come to spot him as a Hun officer?" says I.

"By the description I read," says he. "It fits perfectly. There's no telling what [illegible] And [illegible] I [illegible] such an [illegible] But they'll be nearly an hour on the road, at best. Meanwhile [illegible] I [illegible] to me. [illegible] That's why I called you, Mr. Plummer. "You know [illegible] get on there. Hurry down and prevent him."

"Is that all I have to do?" says I. "What's the scheme—do I trip him up [illegible] flagman down where the highway and trolley line cross the tracks at grade, and [illegible] grouchy he's more or less amusin' to chin with.

Danny had pestered the section boss until he'd got him to build a little square coop for him, there by the crossin'—a [illegible] trains, smoke his pipe, and roast himself [illegible] picnic coffee-pot.

And that sentry-box effect was the pride of Danny's heart. Most of his spare time and all the money he could bone out of the commuters he spent in improvin' and decoratin' it. He'd cut a couple of round windows, like port-holes, and fitted 'em with swingin' sashes. Then he'd tacked on some flower-boxes underneath and filled 'em with geraniums.

When he wasn't waterin' his flowers or cussin' along his little grass-plot or add- [illegible] the outside. Danny's idea of a swell color scheme seemed to be to get on as many different shades as possible. The roof was red, the sides a bright blue. But where he spread himself was on the trim. All you had to do to get on the right side of Danny was to lug him out a half-pound can of paint different from any he'd applied so far. He'd use it somehow.

So the window-sashes was picked out in yellow, the side battens loomed up prominent as black pipes, and the door-panels was a pale pink. Nearly all the commuters had been touched by Danny for [illegible] the shack. Only a week or so before, I'd got in strong with him by contributin' a new padlock for the door [illegible]

And [illegible] I had [illegible] his pets.

Well, he was. He didn't seem any too enthusiastic about turnin' me have the key, though.

"I dunno," says he. "'Tis [illegible] property, y' understand, and I'd [illegible] rather risk'n me job if anythin' should—"

"I know, Danny," says I. "But you [illegible] have Mr. Baker come up [illegible] all the section boss where he gets off."

[illegible] And [illegible] the crossin', all snug and cozy, peekin' out of them round windows into No Man's Land.

For a while it was kind of excitin' but after that it got sort of monotonous. [illegible] sky, and only a few clouds, so you could [illegible] to see, but nothing seemed to be stirrin', up or down the road.

What a nut that Norvin Plummer was, anyway, feedin' me up with [illegible] in the middle of the night. [illegible]

No sign or sound of a [illegible] I looks at my watch again, and figures out it ain't due for twenty minutes or so. Next I streaks across the railroad to [illegible] for Plummer. And, just as I'm passin' a big maple tree, out steps this huge party, with the whiskers. I near-y jumped out of [illegible]

"Eh?" says I, gaspy.

"Extra march?" says he.

"I guess so," says I.

I REACHED as far as I could when I hands him the box, too. He's a whale of a man, an' and bulky. And his whiskers [illegible] the bristly kind—straw-colored, I [illegible] I-huh! Plummer must have been right. If this gink wasn't a Hun naval officer, then what was he? The ayes had

"You wants to know what it's all about, will you, Torchy?" she says. "Who, me?" says I. "How foolish."

"I'll be there with John just as soon as we can quiet Mrs. Plummer and the maids," says he. "They're almost in

In the meantime, though, if you could get there and— Well, use strategy of some kind. Anything to keep him from catching that car. You under-

I get you," says I. "And it don't sound enticin' at all. But I'll see what I can do. If you find me smeared all over the road, though, you'll know I didn't [illegible] that soothin' act of yours speedy."

COURSE this wakes Vee up, and she wants to know what it's all about.

"Oh, a little private game that Norton Plummer is indulgin' in," says I. "Nothin' to get fidgety over. I'll be back soon."

"But—but you won't be reckless, will Torch?" she asks.

"Who, me?" says I. "Why, I invented that safety-first motto, and side-steppin' trouble is the easiest thing I do. Trust me."

I expect she was some nervous, at that. But she's a good sport, Vee.

[illegible] needed, [illegible] of course I [illegible] But do [illegible]

I didn't need any coax- [illegible] around in the country after dark. Always seemed sort of spooky. Bein' brought up in the city, I expect, where the scenery is illuminated [illegible] that. So, as I slips out the front gate and down towards the station, I keeps in the middle of the road and glances suspicious at the tree shadows.

Not that I was takin' Plummer's Hun scare real serious. He'd had a bad case of spy fever recent. Why, only last week he got all stirred up over what he announced was a private wireless outfit that he'd discovered [illegible] skirts of Flushing, and when they came to trail it down it turns out to be some new wire clothes-line strung up back of a flat building.

[illegible] to see who he'd mistaken for an enemy agent this time. And if all I was expected to do was spill a little impromptu strategy, well, maybe I could, and then again maybe I couldn't. I'd take a look, anyway.

IT was seein' a light in Danny Shea's little coop [illegible] flagman down where the highway and trolley line cross the tracks at grade, and [illegible] grouchy he's more or less amusin' to chin with.

Danny had pestered the section boss until he'd got him to build a little square coop for him, there by the crossin'—a [illegible] trains, smoke his pipe, and roast himself [illegible] picnic coffee-pot.

And that sentry-box effect was the pride of Danny's heart. Most of his spare time and all the money he could bone out of the commuters he spent in improvin' and decoratin' it. He'd cut a couple of round windows, like port-holes, and fitted 'em with swingin' sashes. Then he'd tacked on some flower-boxes underneath and filled 'em with geraniums.

When he wasn't waterin' his flowers or cussin' along his little grass-plot or add- [illegible] the outside. Danny's idea of a swell color scheme seemed to be to get on as many different shades as possible. The roof was red, the sides a bright blue. But where he spread himself was on the trim. All you had to do to get on the right side of Danny was to lug him out a half-pound can of paint different from any he'd applied so far. He'd use it somehow.

So the window-sashes was picked out in yellow, the side battens loomed up prominent as black pipes, and the door-panels was a pale pink. Nearly all the commuters had been touched by Danny for [illegible] the shack. Only a week or so before, I'd got in strong with him by contributin' a new padlock for the door [illegible]

And [illegible] I had [illegible] his pets.

Well, he was. He didn't seem any too enthusiastic about turnin' me have the key, though.

"I dunno," says he. "'Tis [illegible] property, y' understand, and I'd [illegible] rather risk'n me job if anythin' should—"

"I know, Danny," says I. "But you [illegible] have Mr. Baker come up [illegible] all the section boss where he gets off."

[illegible] And [illegible] the crossin', all snug and cozy, peekin' out of them round windows into No Man's Land.

For a while it was kind of excitin' but after that it got sort of monotonous. [illegible] sky, and only a few clouds, so you could [illegible] to see, but nothing seemed to be stirrin', up or down the road.

What a nut that Norvin Plummer was, anyway, feedin' me up with [illegible] in the middle of the night. [illegible]

No sign or sound of a [illegible] I looks at my watch again, and figures out it ain't due for twenty minutes or so. Next I streaks across the railroad to [illegible] for Plummer. And, just as I'm passin' a big maple tree, out steps this huge party, with the whiskers. I near-y jumped out of [illegible]

"Eh?" says I, gaspy.

"Extra march?" says he.

"I guess so," says I.

I REACHED as far as I could when I hands him the box, too. He's a whale of a man, an' and bulky. And his whiskers [illegible] the bristly kind—straw-colored, I [illegible] I-huh! Plummer must have been right. If this gink wasn't a Hun naval officer, then what was he? The ayes had

He produces a pipe and starts to light up. One match broke, the second had no strikin' head on it, the third just fizzed.

"Gr-r-r-r!" says he.

Then he starts for the crossin', me [illegible] I saw he had his eye on the sentry-box, meanin' to get in the [illegible] Even then I didn't have any bright little idea.

"Waitin' for the trolley?" I the [illegible]

"What of it?" he growls.

"Oh, nothin'," says I hasty. "Maybe [illegible]

[illegible] and tries one more match with his face up against the side of the shanty. And then, all in a jump, my bean got into gear.

"You might have better luck inside," says I, swingin' open the door meanin'.

He don't even say thank you. He ain't one of that kind. For a second or so I thought he wasn't goin' to take any [illegible] but after one more failure he steps around [illegible] the [illegible] h, takin' the limit, Cap'n," says I.

With that I plants one foot impulsive right where he was widest, gives a quick shove, slams the door shut behind him, and snaps the big padlock through the hasp.

"Hey!" he sings out, startled. "What the—"

"Now don't get meany, Cap," says I. "You're in, ain't you? Smoke up and be happy."

"You—you loafer!" he gurgles throaty. "What—what do you mean?"

"Just a playful little prank, Cap," says I. "Don't get excited. You're perfectly safe."

May be he was. It sure did look about as helpless as a rabbit in a trap. The Cap'n was in his shirt and suspenders, just as he'd been hanging out the washing, and a drain-pipe and gor himself stuck. He hammers on the walls with his fists, all he's got weight against the door and tries to kick his way out.

But the skipper boss must have used real spikes and reinforced the studdin' with fish-plates when he built that coop for Danny, or else the big Bun was too tight a fit to get full play for his strength. Anyway, all he did was make the little house rock till it looked like the old Island was enjoying a hang-on dance. Meanwhile I stands by, ready to do a sprint if he should break loose, and offers more or less cheerin' advice.

"Easy with your elbows in there, Cap," says I. "You're assaultin' railroad property, you know, and I'm due to call the cops unless—"

"You, you better get this out of here quick!" he says. "I gotta get back."

"Oh, we'll get you back as right as rain," says I. "I promise you that."

"I defy!" he snorts.

"You know, you don't know how near you are to the truth," says I. "You might be using fresh air."

"Over!" says he. "I would wring your neck."

"Such a disposition!" says I.

Oh, yes, we swapped quite a little repartee, me and the Cap'n, or whatever he was. It was all of his being sportsman-like if he gets more strenuous every minute. He had that shack rockin' like a boat.

Next thing I saw was one of his big feet stickin' out under the bottom sill. Then I remembers that the sentry-box has only a dirt floor—on account of the stove, I expect. Course, Danny has banked the outside up with sod for five or six inches, but that ain't enough to hold it down with a human tornado cuttin' loose inside. A minute more and another foot appears on the other side, and the next I knew the whole shootin' match begins to rise, wabbly but sure, until he's lifted it almost to his knees.

LOOKED like the Cap'n was goin' to shed the coop over his head as you'd shuck a shirt, and I was edgin' away prepared to make a run for it. But right there the elevatin' process stops, and after some violent squirms there comes an outburst of language that would only get the delete sign if I should give it. I could dope out what had happened. That plank seat across one side had caught the Cap'n about where he buckles his belt, and he couldn't budge it any further.

"Want a shoe horn, Cap?" I asks. "Say, next time you try wearin' a kiosk as a shirt-waist you'd better start down for the exit."

"Curses!" says he. "I—I will teach you to play your jokes on me, you whippersnapper."

He does some more writhin', and pretty soon manages to swing both feet to the portholes. With the feet out that way, a deep-sea diver peekin' out of his copper bonnet, he starts for me, kick-over-the-traces as he gets under way, and fear is the wind that blows from the soundin's.

Course he's some handicapped by the hobble-skirt effect around his knees, and the weight above his shoulders makes him a bit topheavy, but, at that, he can get over the ground as fast as I can walk backwards.

Must have been kind of a weird sight these still moonlight—me bein' pursued up the road by this shack with legs under it, the little tin smoke-pipe wavin' along about nine feet in the air, and the geraniums in the flower-boxes noddin' jerky.

"Say, what do you think you are?" I calls out. "A wooden tank goin' over the top?"

I was sort of wonderin' how long he could keep this up, and what would be the finish, when from behind me I hears this spluttery line of exclamations indicative

What about Preserving this year?

Every careful and patriotic housewife wants to do more preserving than ever this year. But what about preserving sugar?

Even if you have some difficulty in getting sugar you need not worry—if you know Karo. Thousands of housewives have used Karo for years in their preserving—and have better preserves than ever.

For Karo—the delicious clear syrup from corn—makes a true preserving syrup—rich and heavy.

Karo is just like true fruit sugar—and blends better with fruit and fruit juices than cane sugar. It brings out the delicate natural flavor and redness of the berries or fruit. And it never "candies" or crystallizes.

Try half Karo and half sugar on Strawberry Jam, for instance—and see what a smooth, delicious jam you'll have. And Karo is equally good for all jellies and preserves.

For your preserving this year be sure to get Karo from your grocer and use half Karo and half sugar instead of all sugar.

Strawberry Jam

One pound fruit, ¾ lb. sugar and ½ lb. Karo (Crystal White).

Wash fruit, pare or stem, crush or cut up and put in kettle with enough of the sugar to sprinkle all the fruit. Add Karo and remaining sugar. Bring quickly to the boiling point. Stir frequently to prevent burning. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once.

For Your Preserving

KARO—Crystal White

in the Red Can

Ask your grocer for a copy of the new Karo Preserving Book—a wonderfully practical little guide to good home-made preserves: the latest methods of putting up all kinds of jams, jellies, canned and preserved fruits and fruit butter; the proportion of fruit, time of cooking, and full directions for a simple, easy method of sterilizing preserves (using the ordinary kitchen utensils so they will keep perfectly).

If your grocer hasn't a copy left, send a postal to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17K Battery Place, New York

For waffles, griddle cakes and all table uses Karo Golden Brown (*in the Blue Can*).

If you like the good old-fashioned maple flavor—Karo—Maple Flavor (*in the Green Can*).

The Foundation Library for Young People

7 Days' Trial

[redacted]

Charity's Cap-Feat

Dimple to Good Merchandise and Good Ways to Make Money

[redacted]

NEW POEMS

[redacted]

GENERAL RUNS

[redacted]

SONG POEMS

[redacted]

HELP WANTED

[redacted]

WEDDING INVITATIONS

[redacted]

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

[redacted]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

[redacted]

CAMPS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

[redacted]

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC

[redacted]

FEMALE HELP WANTED

[redacted]

SHORT STORIES, MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

[redacted]

NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

[redacted]

SHORT STORIES WANTED

[redacted]

PHOTOPLAYS

[redacted]

SALESMEN

[redacted]

MUSIC PUBLISHING

[redacted]

It's Danny, who's got anxious about [redacted]

"Hey! Stop him, stop him!" he yells. [redacted]

"Stop the chief of the cornmeal!" howls Danny. "It's breakin' and enterin' and carryin' away th' property of the Long Island Railroad that he's guilty of."

"I've explained all that to him," says [redacted]

"Go back and come out of that, ye thievin' Dutchman!" orders Danny, rushin' up and bangin' on the door with his fists.

"Just let me out, you Irish shrimp!" snarls the Cap'n.

"Can't be done—not yet, Danny," [redacted]

AND right in the midst of this debate [redacted] anything of the escaped prisoner?"

"That's him," says I, pointin' to the [redacted] shack.

"Hadn't we mean?" says Plummer, [redacted] puzzled.

"Inside," says I. "You said use [redacted] didn't you. Well, that's the best [redacted] had in stock. I got him boxed, all right, but he won't stay put. He insists on playin' the human turtle. What'll we do with him now? Come see."

"My word!" says Plummer, as he gets a view of the Cap'n's legs and the big whiskered face at the little window. "So here we are, eh, you runaway Hun."

"Bah!" say the Cap'n. "Why you call me Hun?"

"Because I've identified you as an escaped German naval officer," says Plummer. "Do you deny it?"

"Bah!" says the Cap'n. "Bah!"

"Who do you claim to be, then?" says I [redacted] says he, "and I'm chief engineer of a [redacted]

"I am Nels [redacted] says I, [redacted] says he, "and I'm chief engineer of a [redacted] "Are you the [redacted] owner's mistress?"

"Bah!" says the Cap'n.

"Oh, gee!" says Plummer. "I begin to get it, an't it, right? But see here, what were you doing prowling around the back yard to-night? Why didn't you go to the servants' entrance and ask the cook for Selma, if you're as much in love with her as you've written that you are."

"What do you know about it?" demands Petersen [redacted]

[redacted] face.

Nothing but heavy breathing from [redacted]

"If it hadn't been for the whiskers I believe we could have seen him blush.

"Look here, says Plummer. "You may be what you say you are, and then again you may not. Perhaps you just guessed at the girl's name. We can't afford to take any chances. The only way to settle it is to send for Selma."

"No, no!" pleads the big gink. "Please! Not like this."

"Yes, just like that," insists Plummer. "Only, if you'd rather, [redacted] house back where it belongs. [redacted] John, run home and bring Selma here."

WELL, we had our man nicely tamed now. With Selma liable to show up, he was ready to do as he was told. Just why, we couldn't make out. Anyway, he hobbles back to the crossin' and eases the shack down where he found it. Also, he [redacted] slumps inside on the bench and waits durin' which proceedin' the last trolley goes boomin' past.

Inside of ten minutes John is back with the maid. Kind of a slim, classy-lookin' girl she is, too. And when Selma sees that big face at the round window there's no doubt about his being the chosen one.

"Oh, Nels, Nels!" she wails out. "Vas [redacted] by the house vet?"

"Sure, Selma," says Nels, "for fear you'd tell me to go away."

"But—but I don'd, Nels," says Selma. "Shall I let him out for the [redacted] ing?" says I.

"I [redacted] And we had to turn our [redacted] s they go to the food clinch [redacted] ain to Plummer, Selma had been [redacted] for Nels [redacted] and [redacted] absent-minded and mood, that she hadn't been of much use around the house. But him gettin' himself boxed up as an escaped Hun had sort of broken the ice.

"There, now!" says Plummer. "You two go back to the house and talk it over. You may have until [redacted] fifteen to settle all the details, and then I'll have John drive Petersen down to his ferry-boat. Be sure and fix the d[redacted] I want to go through another [redacted]

But what about [redacted] mands Danny, "that's tore up entirely? [redacted] to mend me stove-pipe and all?"

"[redacted] s something that will cover all [redacted] ny," says Plummer slippin' him a ten-spot. "And I've no doubt Petersen will contribute something, too."

"Sure!" says Nels, fishin' in his pockets.

"Two bits!" says Danny, pickin' up the quarter scornful. "Thun Swedes are the rightwads! And if ever I find this wan kidnappin' me little house again—"

At which Danny breaks off and shakes his fist menacin'.

When I gets back home I tiptoes upstairs, but Vee is only dozin', and wakes up with a jump.

"Is that you, Torkey?" says she. "Has has anything dreadful happened?"

"Yes," says I. "I had to pull a low tackle, and Danny Shea's declared war on Sweden."

What One Boy Knows of War

TO-DAY Kurkan Der Muguerhian is the hardest working pupil in a public school at Fresno, California. His only ambition, being to become a good American as soon as possible. But yesterday he was, in spite of his thirteen years, a fighting man among fighting men.

When the Turks made their first rush at the Armenian town of Van, the boy, like [redacted] Armenian who could hold up a gun, got into the battle, and Kurkan was active in the hand-to-hand fighting. He led a group that set fire to the houses [redacted] Turkish sharp-shooters [redacted] In the dark, Kurkan and [redacted] were caught by a Turkish patrol. [redacted] bear to-day the mark of a deep cut inflicted in his hand with a knife.

After battles and massacres Turks and Armenians became so enraged they [redacted] Kurkan, through [redacted] When Russian [redacted] Van, [redacted] back of the lines. Driving [redacted] and dogs, which carried what [redacted] of worldly goods, the hapless people walked for seven days over deserts [redacted] Russian territory, only to be cut off again by the Turks.

[redacted] could see [redacted] fled in a [redacted] were captured, some were mutilated and, [redacted] coming on, the people scattered. My mother hid my little sister, Servart, under a rock. My grandfather went into the fight. We were scattered, and [redacted] all night. [redacted] my mother and [redacted] and [redacted] them [redacted] and we [redacted] Mr. [redacted] and a [redacted] Van [redacted] and generous, and spared the water from their goat-skins. One old red-bearded [redacted] with long Arab bloomers, [redacted] belt filled with cartridges [redacted] sack full of snow from [redacted] offered to sell it for what amounted to about $1 a handful. We would eagerly have paid what money we had for it, as many were dying for even a taste of snow. The party was trouble to buy the snow, and in despera[redacted] from him. [redacted] had [redacted]

knife and ripped the bag open, and old Jahead, seeing all was lost, tried to tear himself to pieces in his anger. Finally he began slapping his knees in fatalistic [redacted]

[redacted] Kurkan's father became [redacted] While wandering [redacted] mer at Yokohama, Kurkan met friends.

"I was worrying about the journey," he said. "As at once I saw Asian, the [redacted] Kurkan, Kurkan! Come, hurry!' he said. 'Your grandparents are worrying about you, thinking you dead. My fears were ended."

5 as usual

Give Quick Relief

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

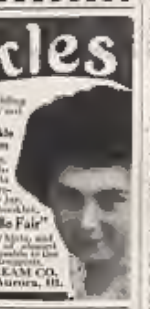
On Dusty Days

whether walking or motoring, the nose and throat become irritated. Luden's will give quick relief by clearing and soothing the air passages. Very beneficial for hay fever, summer colds, bad breath.

Popular with Soldiers

to refresh the mouth and allay thirst on dusty hikes, and drills.

Freckles



STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. I Aurora, Ill.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome Sallowness and improve facial texture—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, sunburn, moth, etc., because it "lightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package; follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

Gray Hair

Restored to Original Color

SEND US YOUR NEXT PHOTO FILMS

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

Pay Your Bills With Our Money

2 expenses are getting the best of your regular income no matter how closely you may figure.

$5 to $10 a Week Extra

would help to reduce the high cost of living, wouldn't it? Just hundreds of persons are turning their spare moments into money by representing Every Week, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine and Farm and Fireside. Fill out coupon below; return it once and let us show you how.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 44-A
Every Week, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Date.....
Show me how I can earn more money.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Why I Never Married—*Continued from page 6*

The Voice in the Night

YES, I am unmarried. And I am a college woman. I am not unmarried because I am a college woman; nor yet am I a college woman because I am unmarried. The two conditions are independent of each other, and yet, queerly enough, they are both the results of the plans of a life-time—almost.

As long as I remember I planned to go to college. Just how that ambition took root I do not know. However, that dream came true in spite of many obstacles and discouragements.

As for the ambition toward single blessedness—that also originated in my pig-tail, freckle-nose days. Exactly when or how, I can not say. But it did. I can remember one hot summer day. Hot summer days are very rare in our high altitude; that day is the first real landmark. We were in our back yard, my first admirer and I. He had red hair and was therefore my hero.

The air was sweet with the fragrance of the mountain choke-cherry. I can smell it yet! We had been playing house, and he said to me, "When we're big, you are going to be my wife." I wanted to say that I would, but I did not. My sacrifice was beginning. "No, I won't," said I. "I'm not going to be anybody's wife."

Far down in my heart I knew something—something that was connected with a high, shrill voice that came once in a while from our house, something that hurt and made me lie awake nights staring into the darkness until my eyes hurt as much as my heart did. And I was such a little girl!

That secret made me fickle during my high-school days. I liked the boys immensely—and they liked me. But I never allowed myself to develop what is popularly called "a serious case."

You see, I knew something, and I just could not.

Well, in my college days it was much more difficult. At any standard co-educational school a woman is likely to meet a number of attractive men. And I was no exception to the rule. There were several who might have been wonderfully fine companions for life. But I learned to steel my heart, to build a safe and sure barrier, to be satisfied with their friendship.

But X was different. Had I not been armed with the secret, wedding-bells might have rung for us. But I was, and I gently and firmly let myself grow away from him,—and let him grow away from me too,—and he is none the wiser.

Of course, from the very beginning there were moments of rebellion—sometimes weeks and months of it. There were moments when I actually let myself forget the secret, just that I might be like other girls. Then would come one mad, glad fling at life, until conscience revived. Hours of suffering followed, and the resolve became firmer and firmer.

No one knew, however. I never breathed a word. On the surface my life was a very ordinary one. Now I am teaching, doing my bit, living the monotonous life of a bachelorette, respected and loved, I suspect—resigned too, I hope.

This last is all the more strange, for I adore little children, especially babies. I am naturally a home-maker. Sweeping, washing, ironing, sewing, even dish-washing are delightful occupations to me.

The thing that bothers me is this: What shall I do if *the one* man should appear?

You see, there is insanity in our family.

Z.

Not Wanted

WHY am I not married? Well, briefly, I have never been asked; and now I'm beyond the "wanted" age. You say, "Oh, that's easy; you are an awful prune." No, I'm not; really, I am not. I am not a Cleopatra or a Theda Bara, but folks say I am a "nice-looking" woman and was a pretty girl. "Well," you say, "there is something the matter with you, or maybe you did not want to marry?"

Yes, I did; I always wanted to marry. I did not have any romantic or eugenic ideas about finding a man "fit to enter the sanctuary of my heart" or anything of that sort. I simply thought that marriage was a woman's most natural vocation, and I think so more than ever now, because I am old enough to miss my children.

I can't understand why women cry because their sons must go to war. Not having a son to go is the real sorrow, I think, because it is a deprivation that can't be discussed; in fact, I can not allow my mind to dwell upon it. I work to keep my mind off myself and the humiliating fact that I am a refuse piece of womanhood from the man's standpoint.

I am not feeling sorry for myself. I joke about being an old maid, but all the time something about that undiscovered region of my heart just seems to tighten and hurt.

In my opinion, there are many women in just exactly my class, and sometimes I think men are cruel to have passed them all by.

Besides being fairly easy to look at, I am that fearful creature, "an educated woman," with two collegiate degrees of which I do not boast. I am not alone in this feeling: I know other women who will not wear their scholarship keys. I earn a good salary, was reared in a pleasant home with a large family, and have had fine opportunities for making friends. I am not to be pitied. I have a little money of my own—not enough for a fortune-hunter, but enough to have kept me somewhat independent of a man's salary had I married.

I am a successful teacher; my pupils and my associates seem to like me. I have done all the things that the unmarried do, except suffrage work. I have gone in for church work, social work, and now the Red Cross. I think I would be more contented with my life had my family needed my support.

I am pleasant to men, and they seem to respect and like me; but they invite me to their weddings as a guest. I swallow hard, smile, and go. You say, "You don't know how to treat men." I listen to them talk about themselves; I laugh at their jokes, and I feed them—I am a good cook, too.

I do not think society will suffer because I shall leave the world no copy, but I think the race would have been as safe with me as with my washerwoman and her six unkempt, unwanted children.

Why is it that women of my type do not marry or have opportunities to marry? I think it is because the educative process teaches them too much emotional self-control. Men, being short on intuition, think such women cold and unresponsive.

The worst of it—there're no marriages in heaven.

L. A. C.

The Story of a Wallflower

I WILL tell my story of why I never married. I am thirty-five, and admit that I am a lonely old maid at times; but I am also a successful business woman, and my life is too full of work to allow me much time for self-pity.

I was the youngest child of a family of

Let Hasslers do Your Bridge Repairing!

LET Hasslers take you over old bridges as smoothly as over the big new structure just ahead. Float up the approach and skim over the planks without jolt or jar.

HASSLER PATENTED FOR FORD Shock Absorber CARS

Hassler Shock Absorbers bear the weight of the car. They take the jolt out of the big jolts and give the leaf springs a chance to absorb what's left. Gently compress for the little jars that usually are passed on to the car and the occupants.

Hassler Shock Absorbers also save tires, positively prevent vibration, and make your Ford easier to steer, safer to drive. Thousands in use on a 25,000 car, 500,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Write today for Free Trial Blank and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. But the minute Hasslers are on your Ford, you will see for yourself. Then $30.00 will seem too low. Write today—NOW.

GARRET S. HASSLER, Inc. 1004 Normal Pl., Indianapolis, Ind.

Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" Bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our special new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider prices and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, sundries, parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. Dealers can offer such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY just write today for the big catalog and our special offer. Do it now.

Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. A-181 Chicago

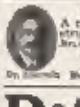
DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD, Suite 236, 70 5th Ave. New York City

Cash for Old False Teeth Don't matter broken or not. We pay up to $20.00 per set; also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and old gold jewelry. Write us at once. We will send you cash by return mail. Goods held 10 days in our vault awaiting your reply. If our offer is not satisfactory, will send goods 10 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to Manor's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHORT-STORY WRITING



A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the short story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's. 256-page catalogue free. Please address

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 36 Springfield, Mass.

Patents Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. Our four books sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., 718 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS SHOULD WRITE FOR LIST OF "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent," sent FREE. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 142, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY Send Sketch or Model for Search. BOOKS and ADVICE FREE. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

WHEREVER you live you can open a savings account by mail at 4% compound interest with this strong, old-established bank. Thousands of people in all parts of the world are availing themselves of the safety and convenience we afford. Send today for our free booklet "P."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO ASSETS OVER 65 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $6,000,000 00 MILLION DOLLARS

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it and profit by it

Sh-h — Listen!

We've been keeping it a secret—

Me and the government—

About that extra hour of daylight.

I had nothing to do with the Sunday arrangement—

But everybody wanted more time on week days

To earn more money

In The Cash-In Club

So I—well, now, you've got it—

An extra hour every day!

Get busy and cash in on it!

Join The Cash-In Club!

Earn from $10 to $35 a week extra!

During your spare time!

Start right now—

Use the coupon for a starter.

Jim Pepper
Secretary

I Getcha, Jim!

I won't ask you to prove anything about that extra hour—but tell me how to earn some extra cash in The Cash-In Club.

JIM PEPPER
Secretary
CASH-IN CLUB
361 Fourth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Name*_____

*St. Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"I strained my ears to hear more, and he continued: 'You know, I never did love that ugly girl.'"

four, and the only daughter. I was a plain child and grew up to be a homely young woman. After graduating from college I returned to my home in a small Southern city. My father, a judge and a prominent citizen, insisted that I "come out" in society.

The very thought was horrible and made cold chills run up and down my back. I would be a failure. What had I to offer society except my education? And the younger set, I knew, did not care for that.

My appearance was so discouraging—a dark complexion, light gray eyes, mouse-colored hair, and a mouth entirely too large. And what was my intellect and learning compared with the dainty loveliness of most of my friends?

I did not have a "début" party, but gradually drifted into a few social affairs. I never had engagements for the theaters, or dates to go driving, or callers on Sunday afternoon, but went to an occasional party or dance because some man was asked with me. At dances I was a "wall-flower"—a horrible remembrance even now.

With envious eyes I saw my friends sought by their admirers, showered with gifts, and radiantly happy, while I was miserable and life seemed almost unbearable.

Things drifted along this way for two years, and a young man moved to our city. He and my brother became fast friends, and brother persuaded my mother to let Jim stay at our house. We were thrown together constantly, and naturally went out together in the evenings. Friendship grew into love, and soon Jim proposed and was accepted.

I was the happiest girl in the world. I simply adored Jim, and all the little attentions, the stolen kisses, the moonlight strolls and other things I had missed before filled my heart with joy and my life became a blissful dream. My happiness was complete.

It was too good to be true. The next spring Jim became worried and depressed, and postponed our wedding, which was to have occurred in June. I, thinking he was nervous and overworked, did everything in my power to help him.

One evening we attended a dance, and during an intermission I slipped out on the lawn, for the night was sultry. Around the corner of the house stood Jim and a friend, and Jim was saying: "I've stood it about as long as I can."

I strained my ears to hear more, and in a low voice he continued: "You know, I never did love that ugly girl, but I got myself into this mess, and I don't know how to get out."

All the hatred in my being flamed up. I turned and fled—stumbling blindly along, the tears running down my cheeks like rain.

Alone that night I fought the battle. I put love and the thought of marriage out of my life forever. F. C.

How Can He Get a Wife?

I AM an unmarried man who has lived forty-two years alone. Not until this last year have I ever felt how much I needed a wife—and how I have wasted the prime of my life.

After graduating from the State University at the age of twenty-one, I plunged into law and worked with head down for success. Never did I ask myself why I wanted success—was it for myself, or would I marry?

I had never been what is known as a "fusser" at college. I didn't have the time. I had to work my way through school, and maybe that kept me from the gentle sex. I had only one "date" in my college life. That was to attend a musical concert. This girl had been in my classes, and one day she scolded me for being so selfish with my company, as she put it. At that remark I asked her to attend this concert with me, and she did, but either I proved too dull for her, or she was too silly for me—I never asked her to another concert.

After leaving college I moved into a small country town, where I stayed until this last year. There I worked and studied.

I never had many women's cases—mostly men and nearly all farmers. My little old-fashioned office got on my nerves. My rooms over a photographer's studio had that empty feeling—no welcome, no change, every evening the same quiet hollowness, until I could stand it no longer. Finally I moved to a larger place with the small fortune I have saved. A man forty-two years old, retired, and tired of living alone.

I ask myself so many times a day, is it a wife I want? Could I find some one to share my burdens and peculiarities? Could she make my life worth living, help me fulfil my ambitions to raise a family, make me feel that I too could enjoy life as my father and mother did?

Then again I am confronted with the big question, could my savings afford a wife? So much is said of the expenses and extravagance of a wife.

I have never wanted a partner in life until now, and now where will I find one?

So you see why I never have married. I never have thought of it until now—never had time to think of it; and now I see the emptiness of it all. I want a wife to share the rest of my life and make a home for me. But the old-man Time points out to me two bold questions: Where is she? and, How will I get her?

LONESOME BACHELOR.

WHEN and HOW

To Invest Profitably

This is no new-account problem confronting the average banker. It is a question of the whole thought of the investing public. To make investments profitable, one must know when, and how, to buy.

Our fortnightly publication

"Investment Opportunities"

tells when—and our supplemental booklet

THE TWENTY-POINT PLAN

tells how. Both and quote upon request

SLATTERY & Co.

Investment Securities

40 Exchange Place New York

Financial Booklets that Will Help You

R. C. MEGARGEL & COMPANY, 27 Pine Street, New York, members of the New York and Chicago Stock Exchanges, will send you booklets entitled "Five Per Cent Partly Tax-Free," and "Securities Suspicioned." The latter is published occasionally, and the current issue contains an interesting article on the Stock Dividend Bulletin for Bankers, which describes these booklets. Send free of charge upon request for it.

A new booklet which is of interest to all people who own real estate or have surplus funds for payment plans has been issued by John Muir & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York. This booklet is entitled "On Going Over Debt," and all interest free of charge on application to the main office at 61 Broadway.

By writing to the Citizens Savings & Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio, you will receive free their interesting booklet "P" telling all about their banking by mail plan, whereby they pay 4 per cent compound interest on deposits of a dollar or more.

A large number of high-class stocks are now selling at bargain prices. They offer a real opportunity to the investor. A recent number of the Investment Bulletin tells of these stocks. Copy sent on application to J. S. Rutter & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York City.

A booklet entitled "The Ten Payment Plan" has been issued by E. M. Fuller & Co., Investment Bankers, Stock Exchange Building, 30 Broad Street, New York City, New York. It describes in full the "ten-payment plan" of buying listed securities. The booklet and their Weekly Market Review are sent without charge upon request for booklet E-6.

The problem of when and how to buy is very important to the prospective purchaser of stocks and bonds. "Investment Opportunities," a fortnightly publication issued by Slattery & Company, 40 Exchange Place, New York City, gives valuable advice along these lines. Copy of this publication, "the twenty-point plan" in addition to this publication, will be mailed free of charge to those who write their head office. Ask for E-6.

The "Financial Indicator," a new, reliable booklet giving full information on listed securities, will be furnished free by The Booth-Martin Company, 208 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Farmlet "We're Right on the Ground," issued by R. G. Landis & Company, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, covers the subject of Farm Mortgages from a practical and conservative standard. A copy will be sent upon request to those interested.

Fifty years of the first mortgage loans of Perkins & Company, Davenport, Iowa, have been fully established by over forty years of unbroken business with the same customers, each six months. Our savings certificates yielding 6 per cent are convenient for small investors. Write for booklet No. 725.

"A Vacation—With Pay"

Any employee with Leisure Money can have a real vacation with Leisure Money. Leisure Money is the money you get when you make more than your employer pays you for your services. Let the Cornish Publishing Corporation show you how to turn your spare time into Leisure Money. Send Coupon for Booklet "Leisure Money" and Free Vacation and Tax Advantage Magazine.

CORNISH PUBLISHING CORPORATION
Hall of Fame Bldg. Utica, N.Y.

Send me FREE Booklet "Leisure Money" and Free Vacation and Tax Advantage Magazine.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

What Charlie Chaplin Does With His Money

In the good old days it used to be the John McCormack, the tenor, is a millionaire thing for popular idols to squander sure who buys $50,000 pictures and their $1,000 a night or their $10,000 a thanks nothing of it. Jess Willard owns week, or otherwise preposterous sum it was, two circuses and several farms. The list in riotous living: million-dollar banquets, is long and the story the same in almost champagne baths, private farms of every size. champagne baths, private farms of every size.

The other day Charlie Chaplin walked cash-consuming pastime that happened into a New York bank with $162,000, which to be handy.

But to-day what a difference. Look over he placed on deposit. A week later an the lists of the spoiled darlings of pub- order came to pay him $162,000 more. The licity, and see what they do with their wad the bank to credit it to his account.

The other thing happened the next week, when Chaplin went on for several days before the pile grew large. Asked why he didn't take the money, Charlie replied that he had no use for it. Asked if he desired to buy Manhattan, he had deposited, he replied "Assuredly," and asked the banker for suggestions. They were given and followed, and Chaplin's money is making money and more is piling up. No checks drawn for Charlie off the screen. When he leaves Los Angeles for conservatories, it's a private car with a stock of the finest skin is taken care of in our order.

What is Wealth

LONG before he became Presi-dent," says Colonel McClure in his book about the Great Emancipator, "a boon was to Lincoln for information about what the financial standing of Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Black, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; secondly, they ought to be worth $50,000 to my mind. Secondly, he has an office and a library, which are worth $1.50, and three chairs worth, say, $1. Last of all, there is in the same room a set of whole, which will bear looking into.

"Respectfully, A. LINCOLN."

"Safety First" for Women Investors

If women would buy their bonds and second mortgages with high interest stocks with the same discrimination as they display in the matter of hats, the impression of penniless femininity, with its attendant evils of lost savings and dwindled inheritances, would be to a great extent dispelled. So says the writer in the *Magazine of Wall Street*.

Women, he says, have the severity market, without a thought of using the caution and learning the difference between purchases, as the shoe in the hat, and gamble, pure and simple, in both. Cases at this game are usually the ones in which the stakes are the smallest—widows, orphans, and middle-aged workers—and the losses the largest.

"Safety first" should be the slogan of the woman investor, and she should buy the best-rich-quick offerings as old and missing prospects, speculative stocks on margin, counter spots.

Women—and men too—would do well to heed the bankers' slogan, "Safety first" in anything. Bankers are pretty careful about what they recommend their clients to buy. Among the things they do consider safe, as a rule, are:

Securities in which savings banks are compelled by law to invest their funds; preferred stocks of companies they know are financially and morally sound, high-grade municipal, public-utility, industrial, and railroad bonds; mortgages based only on church property, guaranteed mortgages and improved real estate mortgages up to a 65 per cent savings accounts.

But these are suggestions in special cases against some of them. Better consult with the bankers and obtain the help of investing your money in the glow-

Graft and the Hat-Check

ONCE time we sat down and made out a list of the most valuable things we dug up our hard earned money for and got nothing in return. It was a surprising and interesting items on the bill, but the thing that made us sore was the fact that we had paid hat-check boys, at one time and another, checks for $3.50 or $4.50 bit. In other words, we had spent twice the price of admission for the buying it back any from restaurant brigandage.

Of all the hat-check robbery were contributed to the lobster palaces of the larger cities, we'd take our medicine in silence and not complain about it, but it is the evil that has spread into every town of any size at all, and it is an insult added to injury and an abomination, and we ought to rise up in our wrath and smite it hip and thigh, won't, probably.

Just to-day our rage was rekindled by a rant filed in the New York courts over the hat-check privilege in certain Broadway resorts. It appears that two brothers collected $750,000 in hat dips in seven years, $250,000 of which was net profit to them, and they quarreled about the division of it.

Talk about wilful waste! There it is in the most virulent form, and we can't figure how many millions of dollars that might go to feed children, or clothe them into the coffers of these affluent Bunkers who ever the country. The amount will stagger you.

Conserve and Economize commencing on the suit, biy oil our feelings on the subject to a T. Or, better, the hat-check keeper who establishes this hat-check swindle. It is worthy "deliberately" to plunder his patrons. He is not content with the income he gets from his commissions but, knowing the weakness of the average American and his willingness to pay any price for any attention to which he is unaccustomed for fear of being classed as a "cheap skate," he augments his income in exceedingly petty, but in the aggregate large, robbery.

The hat-checkers are parasites. Refuse to have anything to do with them, and notify the proprietor of the hotel or restaurant that is party to it that he can not have your patronage so long as he countenances this kind of petty in his establishment.

THE TEN PAYMENT PLAN

Buy on Investment Month by Month

Follow the Large Investor

Just because you have only small sums to invest, do not make the mistake that you must buy speculatively.

See what the investment houses with the best—sound dividend-paying stocks of the country, and buy these yourself, a share and the number of shares you can afford.

Combine your investments for those securities that in point of assets, earnings, dividend records and business outlook are the most attractive to the large investor.

Our Weekly Market Review tells what to buy. Our booklet explains the Ten Payment Plan.

Write for list and booklet E-6.

E. M. Fuller & Co.

Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York
30 BROAD STREET NEW YORK

BUY STOCKS NOW

We buy stocks and bonds for cash. We will see our stock with a market value you may desire on our twenty-monthly payment plan. Complete information furnished FREE. "The Financial Indicator" mailed upon request.

SMITH-MARTIN & CO.
STOCKS AND BONDS
Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
208 S. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

6% Farm Mortgages
HELP WIN THE WAR

Our Farm Mortgages are the result of 50 years of experience in the business of lending money on first class farm lands in the most productive sections of the Red River Valley of the North. Our Farm Mortgages are issued in convenient denominations, bear 6% interest, are free from taxes, principal and interest guaranteed, and are issued with the privilege of conversion into 6% Farm Mortgage Certificates of Deposit. Write for booklet "Farm Mortgages" and list of current offerings. Copies will be sent on application to E. B. Phillips, Vice-President, Dept. 6, Capital and Surplus $1,000,000.

6% FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE BONDS

The use of money for farm purposes was restricted during the war. Now that restrictions are removed, the demand for farm loans is increasing. Our 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds are secured by first mortgages on improved farms in the Red River Valley of the North. Write for booklet "Farm Mortgages" and list of current offerings. Copies will be sent on application to E. B. Phillips, Vice-President, Dept. 6, Capital and Surplus $1,000,000.

THE NORTH DAKOTA MORTGAGE CORPORATION
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

PRESENT PRICES OF STOCKS COMPARED WITH OTHER YEARS

Prices of all securities have declined a long way from the high levels of last year. Many stocks are now selling at prices which are lower than they have been for several years. Our booklet "Investment Opportunities" tells which stocks are attractive at present prices, dividends, and yields compared with the past. Also tells how to buy on the Twenty-Point Plan. Copy sent free upon request. Ask for booklet E-6. Slattery & Co., Investment Securities, 40 Exchange Place, New York.

6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

The use of money for farm purposes was restricted during the war. Now that restrictions are removed, the demand for farm loans is increasing. Our 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds are secured by first mortgages on improved farms in the Red River Valley of the North. Write for booklet "Farm Mortgages" and list of current offerings. Copies will be sent on application to E. B. Phillips, Vice-President, Dept. 6, Capital and Surplus $1,000,000.

THE NORTH DAKOTA MORTGAGE CORPORATION
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

SELL YOUR SPARE TIME

FAMES COLLINS of Ohio feels it avail-able to earn $10,000 a year in spare cash. The extraordinary hour or two a day he can give to his work has made him a hard, round American dollars.

Now he tells you how, which Mr. Collins operates and sells to you. Represent one of the largest pub-lishers in America. Sell Cornish Units of Service—Travel, Home, Local-ities. Use Cornish Magazine and Facts and Founders in your territory.

$10 to $20 a Month Extra

In what it is possible for you earn right from the start without any experience or capital. All you need to do is fill out and mail in coupon below.

Cornish Publishing Corporation
Hall of Fame Building
Utica, N. Y.

I would like to sell some of my spare time.

Name .....

Address .....

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Corporation at Springfield, Ohio. George D. Buckley, President; H. W. Peabody, Vice-President; Ralph Ingersoll, Secretary; Frank S. Ward, Treasurer. Publication Office, Springfield, Ohio. Editorial and General Offices, 250 West 57th Street, New York City. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates, in the United States, its possessions, Mexico and Cuba: $5 a year; $2.50 for 6 months; $1.25 for 3 months. In Canada, $6.50 a year; $3.25 for 6 months; $1.65 for 3 months. Foreign subscriptions, $7.50 a year; $3.75 for 6 months; $1.90 for 3 months.

When Ancient Egypt Was Young
PALMOLIVE SOAP may seem an ultra-modern luxury—but Palm and Olive oils were favorite cleansing agents when Ancient Egypt was young. All the great old-world peoples used these famous oils—Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Today their bland, soothing qualities are embodied in each fragrant cake of
PALMOLIVE SOAP
Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—war-time price 2 cakes for 25c.
Palmolive Shampoo keeps the hair soft and glossy. Because it is made from the same Palm and Olive oils —the mild yet thorough cleanser.
Palmolive Soap will be found in guest cake size at famous hotels where every accessory is luxurious.
Send 25 cents in stamps for week-end case, containing miniature packages of 3 popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited Toronto, Ontario
PALMOLIVE